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After the Deluge

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THERE is a certain exaggeration about the triumph of the National Government. The joke has been too well done, done, one might say, to a cinder. By summoning the cry of patriotism to the aid of a perfectly genuine anti-Socialist case, what would have been in any event a strong Conservative majority has been turned into a flood which has swept away much more than Socialism. With Labour leaders rejected as quitters and enemies of their country the House of Commons is deprived of an Opposition, and the country of any effective progressive check upon Conservatism. The exaggerated success of the national cry is likely to be regretted before long by many who swelled its volume at this election.

* * *

True, it is no longer open to the critic of democracy to laugh at a system by which one lot of intelligent people spend their time preventing the other lot doing anything. But we do not in the least know what the National Government intends to do except that we know that the Tory members who form the vast bulk of its supporters are all pledged up to the hilt to give us tariffs. We do not know how long Mr. MacDonald's incongruous team can hold together or how long he will find it possible, even with the great prestige of his personal and national triumph, to control, or work with, his present allies. At any rate he is likely before long to be regretting the absence of an effective Opposition. No Prime Minister is so much a prisoner as one who has an overwhelming majority behind him. If there is no possibility of defeat in the Commons he is deprived of his principal weapon against the more violent and irresponsible section of his rank and file. Currency policy and international policy are the things that really matter at this moment, and we hope that on these at least the Prime Minister's "free hand" will not prove altogether illusory.

* * *

It will be a strange Labour Front Bench in the new Parliament. Of the late Cabinet, one solitary figure survives—Mr. George Lansbury, a veteran whom all respect and many love, but hardly, with all his force and sincerity in the things he understands, the leader for a defeated party that will need to be up to all the tricks if it is not to be simply ridden over by the weight of the numbers against it. There are two really able lieutenants in Sir Stafford Cripps, who would probably make the best leader, and Major Attlee. Mr. Maxton, with one or two followers, survives to represent the Clyde group and the I.L.P.; and that is very nearly the end. Mr. Cave and Mr. Bevan, from South Wales, can both make rousing speeches; and there is a relic of the Labour Cabinet of 1924 in Colonel Wedgwood, who is too much of an individualist to be more than a lively skirmisher. The late Solicitor-General and the late Postmaster-General will have their work

cut out for them. They both have energy as well as ability, and are likely to shake down well with Mr. Lansbury. But it would be idle to pretend that it is a strong team. How strong the Opposition will be must depend on how long the Samuelite Liberals can stand their Conservative colleagues and how far Mr. Lloyd George can be expected to retain his old fighting form after his long illness.

* * *

During the election Lord Grey said that he hoped no single Labour member would be returned to Parliament. He has been disappointed. Fifty or so have survived. Do other Liberals who supported the National Government share the elation he must no doubt be feeling to-day that Mr. Arthur Henderson, who is the elected chairman of the coming World Disarmament Conference, has been turned out of Parliament by a pugnacious sailor who announces that he "stands only for the Union Jack" and that he came to Burnley in order "to give politics the hell of a kick in the pants"?

* * *

The election campaign has been enlivened by sharp exchanges between members of the late Labour Cabinet about what transpired in the course of discussions which are traditionally completely secret. Two issues in particular have been debated. One is the question of the "cuts," and of the extent to which Labour Ministers were prepared to accept an emergency tariff or effect particular economies; the other the question of the particular conditions which underlay the American bankers' loan. Mr. Snowden has been at loggerheads with Messrs. Henderson and Graham in regard to the first issue, and with Mr. Lansbury in regard to the second. These controversies are a deplorable and most dangerous constitutional innovation. Cabinet discussions are informal and secret; their purpose is to arrive at the collective mind of those participating in them under conditions of the gravest responsibility. If every suggestion thrown out, every hypothesis formulated, every avenue opened up, is to be made the basis subsequently of personal accusation and criticism, there is an end of free speech in the Cabinet itself, and Ministers, even in private discussion, will be confined to the sterile and ambiguous formulæ of the platform. Yet the basis of our parliamentary machine is the collective responsibility of the Cabinet. One wonders what Mr. Gladstone, for example, would have thought of Mr. Snowden's "revelations."

* * *

Of all the stunts of the election by far the most discreditable was the *canard* about deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank. It was sedulously put about that the sums deposited by poor people with the State had been lent by the Labour Government to the bankrupt Unemployment Insurance Fund, had been lost or seriously imperilled, and had been then miraculously restored by the "National" Government. This nonsense was good enough to frighten a great many electors. The facts are that, when one Government department is in deficit, it draws upon others which have a surplus as a matter of common sense and sound finance. The use of Post Office Savings deposits for the expenses of unemployment insurance dates back to 1923, when Labour was not in office. It involved, and involves, absolutely no risk to the depositors, whose money is fully guaranteed by the State, irrespective of the use made of it while it is in the State's hands. Every educated person should have known this; and the attempt to raise in the minds of the electors the spectre of a spendthrift State gambling with their money was therefore sheer dishonesty. So was the attempt to put the blame on the Labour Party, which only carried on a practice which it found already in being. But in this election any stick has been good enough to beat the Labour dog.

* * *

The Protectionists' real difficulties will begin after Parliament has met. It will be simple enough for the Cabinet to discard its doubting Thomases (among whom we do *not* include the Dominions Secretary); but, as the song has it, where do we go from there? The first step may be the erection of an "emergency" tariff—not an easy task when the emergency is over and the pound is fluctuating—but, after that, there will be such a darkening of counsel and a concentration of lobbying as have not been seen for years. The alternatives are the imposition of graduated duties, applicable to broad categories of imports; an extension of safeguarding; and the setting up of a Tariff Commission to frame a "scientific" tariff. The last method would be the least objectionable, provided the proceedings of the Commission were public. But there are difficulties in each case even from the Protectionist point of view. The first method would involve a "dog-fight" between industries and between different sections of the same industry. It is one thing to be Protectionist in principle and another to approve of a tariff for your neighbour whose advantage may be your disadvantage. The iron and steel industry, for example, would be split from top to bottom. The second, as experience has shown, is too slow a method to suit our hot-gospellers; it is much too difficult for an industry to make a case. As for a "scientific" tariff, there are two objections: it takes months to frame, and it is not likely to be scientific when you have framed it.

* * *

It was generally expected that the "National" candidates would score heavily in the South and Midlands; but the Labour landslide in the North went clean against the anticipations of the political prophets. The issues at stake seemed likely to solidify Trade Union opinion against the Government, and to cause a rally to the Labour Party despite the loss of its best-known leaders. And probably, despite the results, the main body of Trade Unionists did rally, though the "National Labour" leaders obviously seduced a certain number. What is apt to be forgotten is that, even in the industrial areas, the Trade Unionists are usually a minority, and often quite a small minority, of the total electorate. Women's suffrage has obviously very much weakened Trade Unionism as an electoral force; and the newer non-manual Trade Unions, which now account for a large part of the movement's total strength, have by no means the same solidarity of outlook as the older Unions of manual workers. Besides, the decline of the heavy industries

has seriously weakened Trade Unionism politically as well as industrially, and the newer light industries which have been growing of late years are for the most part badly organised. Trade Unionism is by no means negligible as a political force; but only in the mining districts—and not always there—is it in a position to decide the electoral issue by itself.

* * *

The conversations of M. Laval and President Hoover have ended, as we expected they would, in smoke or, to be more accurate, in gold. France and the United States have agreed on the maintenance of the gold standard. But was it necessary for M. Laval to cross the Atlantic for that? For the rest, though there was plenty of talk, there was no decision to act about anything that matters—reparations, debts or disarmament. M. Léon Blum puts in half a dozen words the opinion of those who want to heal the wounds of Europe, when he says that "the journey was a waste of time." Other Frenchmen congratulate themselves on the fact that M. Laval has returned without compromising his country; had M. Briand gone to Washington, they say, the result might have been disastrous. The American newspapers in general are well satisfied with the maintenance of the gold standard; the rest is too remote to matter. Senator Borah's bold plea for cancellation of debts and reparations is talked about, but there is little active support for it. Sooner or later America will be brought to cancel her debts, with or without conditions, and we do not believe she would lose by its being sooner rather than later. But economic wisdom is a lesson that takes an unconscionable time to learn.

* * *

Among the more urgent tasks awaiting the Prime Minister and his colleagues is the winding up of the Indian Round Table, which, it is understood, must be accomplished before the end of November. The statement made during the election campaign, charging the Government with hostility to the Conference and a resolve to end it at once, brought a curt contradiction, to which Mr. MacDonald gave an angry emphasis because of the malicious twist that had been given to a fact already well known. The Government is not dissolving the Round Table. Its members must shortly disperse because there appears to be no possibility of peace being made in London this year. The Moslems have presented a united front and a set of very hard demands in the face of Hindu disunity. The Moslems now make it clear that they are not interested in further group negotiations, and the greater questions at issue, such as the control of finance and the Army, are of necessity deferred. The outlook in India itself is gloomy. Threats of renewed civil disobedience are being made, and in more than one province there are ugly premonitions of a no-rent campaign, which is likely to be more definite than the attempts of last year because of the increased agrarian distress. India is in desperate need of a provisional settlement, and this need ought surely to have been kept in full view from the opening day of the Conference.

* * *

Order has now been more or less restored in Cyprus, since the arrest of several of the ringleaders of revolt, and the arrival of warships, aeroplanes, and troops to reinforce the garrison. There were casualties in the rioting, and it is reported that Sir Ronald Storrs, the Governor, only got away in the nick of time from his house, when the mob set it on fire. There is some doubt as to why the Cypriotes broke out at this particular moment. The demand for union with Greece is, of course, not a new one, and the apostles of freedom have never ceased their agitation. But to political discontent there have recently been added economic grievances, in the shape of new taxes imposed last August—and imposed in the teeth of the Legislative Council by Order of the King in Council. These taxes, we are told, were necessary for the balancing of the Budget, and we daresay it is true. But the whole question of the retention of Cyprus as a British possession seems to want looking into. We all know how we got this island. We also know—or believe—that we hold it against the will of a large number of its inhabitants. Are we really holding it for their good? Or are we holding it for our own good, and if so, what exactly is that good in all the circumstances? When the trouble is cleared up, we shall hope to have a full answer to these questions.

* * *

Trading in election "majorities" has hitherto been looked upon as a harmless, if rather pointless, gamble; a deal in £ units carried with it the possibility of a loss or gain of, say, £15 to £20. But in the sensational circumstances of this election, the speculator who "sold" in £ units at, say, 190, finds himself with £300 odd to pay. When this sum is multiplied by 10 or 15, as it is in the case of the more dashing speculator, the gravity of his plight becomes evident. Very serious difficulties in settlement are anticipated—the more so as majority transactions are purely "unofficial." It seems quite likely that the Committee of the Stock Exchange will forbid its members to participate in future in what has surprisingly proved a very hazardous form of speculation.

* * *

The B.B.C. was powerfully and, for the most part, properly used during the election. But we wish to utter an emphatic protest, in which we know that we have the support of numerous listeners, against the partisan use made of the "News Bulletin" on the eve of the election. After urging the duty of voting the announcer said, "in short, all electors should record their vote and if possible record it early in the day. On your action, or your failure to act, may depend your own and your children's future *and the security and prosperity of your country.*" The italics are ours, but the tone employed and the use of the word "security," which has been a main cry of the National Parties at this election, removed all ambiguity from the intention. No one who heard these words could doubt that they were an instruction to vote against the Labour Party. The reckless remarks of the Bishop of London about the pound falling to a penny if Labour were returned have been severely and rightly commented on. But the Bishop must, we suppose, be regarded as merely an irresponsible individual, while the B.B.C. is a national institution, and any departure from impartiality on the wireless constitutes a gross scandal.

AFTER THE DELUGE

> He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers . . . Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious shew; but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on . . . in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. . . . When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a Minister.
>
> Edmund Burke on *Chatham's Coalition Government in his speech on American Taxation in* 1774.

MR. MACDONALD has got what he asked for—perhaps, indeed, rather more than he wanted. He has wiped out his own party; he will not find in the new House of Commons any of those who, by their conduct of foreign policy, gave the Labour Government such reputation as it earned. In part, the overwhelming vote of confidence accorded him by the nation has been won by the most discreditable of panics, by a bogus scare about Post Office Savings deposits, by reckless propaganda about the danger to the pound and by a scurrilous travesty of the character and policy of Labour Ministers. But, when all this has been allowed for, the real meaning of this vote—it was really a plebiscite rather than an election—is that this country is still afraid of anything which savours of fundamental change or which seems to endanger the traditional institutions of capitalism. It has voted for a "free hand" for Mr. MacDonald and a total repudiation of Labour policy. We may reckon that, for the first time, we have had a general vote for or against Socialism, and that there are nearly seven million Socialists in the country as against fourteen million anti-Socialists. By our odd electoral system, this means the return of some fifty Socialist members as against 470 Conservatives. We are content to accept that verdict and to realise that many years of hard work lie before those who wish peacefully to transform the social order.

To-day, Mr. MacDonald stands at the head of a motley crew which, though overwhelmingly Tory and Protectionist, yet contains representatives of several sharply opposed political creeds. For the first time in history we have put into power a Government with no known policy, and for the first time in history we have no effective Opposition. This is our English way of forestalling the possibility of revolution; instead of waiting for a Fascist *coup d'état*, followed by a plebiscite in favour of a dictator, we have destroyed the Opposition at the polls and prepared the way for a revolution in national policy by tactics which may be unsavoury, but which are nevertheless constitutional.

We should feel less deeply troubled by the present situation were the result really to give Mr. MacDonald a "free hand." We have urged from the outset that support of the National Government could have no result except to tie Mr. MacDonald's hands in Conservative and Protectionist fetters. If the event proves that we were mistaken in this we shall be only too happy to admit that we were wrong. For the international issues which we believe Mr. MacDonald to be sincerely anxious to face are serious and immediate. While we have been struggling about purely national issues, the international situation has not stood still. M. Laval has been to the United States, but he has not brought back any comfort to Europe. The gold situation remains as ludicrous and as menacing as ever. France still stands dominant and unmoved over an almost desperate Germany. The one thing that would almost certainly send Germany over the abyss would be a British tariff against her. The depreciation of the pound has been a heavy blow to her trade: the addition of a tariff would be final. This is an immediate danger—one to which Mr. MacDonald may be himself alive, but one which he may find it difficult to bring home to five hundred Conservatives returned with triumphant majorities on a Protectionist programme.

At the moment Mr. MacDonald may seem in a strong position. He can claim that the national vote was largely a personal vote of confidence. But of what account was a similar vote, gained at a similar "khaki" election, to Mr. Lloyd George when the revolt of the Carlton Club threw him from office in 1922? And Mr. MacDonald does not wear the laurels of a European war on his brow. And how far can Liberal element in the present Cabinet and Parliament act as a check when the Tory tariff mongers once get the bit between their teeth? Wherever we turn at home and abroad the same dismal fact confronts us—that we have installed at Westminster an overwhelming Tory majority unchecked by any opposition, a majority so large that it can carry out the threat, already coming from the City, of attempting to restabilise the pound at near its old parity, that it can cut the social services to the bone, that it can ruin our improving trade relations with Russia and destroy the hope of any conciliatory policy in India—that it can, in fact, carry out any part of its avowed reactionary policy without fear of being called to account for its actions. Now that the panic is over we fancy that many Liberals who supported the National Government may feel that this journal was not wrong in refusing to join in the stampede, and may share our desire to build up, as best we can, a more resolute and stalwart Opposition out of the ruins of the old.

That must be the task of those who do not find any satisfaction in the thought of an uncontrolled Conservative Government. How long this Government will last we cannot prophecy—great majorities do not always mean strong Governments and we may see strange changes in the House and unexpected new groups in opposition. But in any case it is an opportunity for the Labour Party and for those Liberals who have not forgotten the principles in which they used to believe to think and to organise afresh. The Labour Party may fairly attribute a large part of its disaster to the policy of the leaders whom it has lost and to their desertion at the moment of crisis. But it will really be lost if it is content to regret the past, to repeat the old formulas, and to wait for the swing of the pendulum. The task of rebuilding will be more difficult now that so many of its leaders are not in the House of Commons to take their proper share in criticising and shaping policy. But it can be done outside the House as well as in it and, in the

long run, the extent of the disaster may prove an advantage if it brings the Labour Party more sharply and realistically to face the facts and to hammer out a policy which it can not only justify in general terms, but which it really knows how to put into operation when the opportunity comes once more to its hand.

JAPAN'S CHALLENGE TO THE LEAGUE

THE first rumour ten days ago of the League Council's decision to adjourn created widespread alarm. It seemed that the mediators were throwing up the sponge. A month of diplomatic wrangling had effected nothing. The Japanese troops had dug themselves in in Manchuria; the War Office had got the better of the Foreign Office at Tokio; China, angry but helpless, stood firm on her dignity and her rights. That was—and still is—the situation. But the Council has not washed its hands of the business. It has indeed adjourned till November 16th, but it may be convoked at any moment, should events require it. And before it broke up it passed a resolution setting out in clear and bold language its demand for a settlement of this scandalous quarrel. The gist of the resolution is that Japan should begin immediately to withdraw her troops and complete the withdrawal by November 16th; that China should assume responsibility for the safety of Japanese nationals in Manchuria; and that the two Governments should enter into direct negotiations directly the evacuation is completed. This is not a pious exhortation. It is as near to a command as the Council of the League is able to go, and it expresses the considered opinion of the Powers, including the United States—Japan alone dissenting.

The dissent of the Japanese is indefensible. They may have had some excuse for their original action, high-handed as it undoubtedly was. They had, at any rate, substantial grievances, and though the invasion of Manchuria might be on the face of it a violation of international pledges, it could be condoned in the circumstances of the moment. But the circumstances of mid-October are very different from those of mid-September. The long discussions at Geneva have given ample opportunity for the Japanese to agree to a settlement which would ensure security and order in Manchuria (so far as such things can be assured there by any human means). The intransigence of the Chinese Government has not, as they well know, been the real stumbling block. Chinese intransigence has been dictated by a fear of Japanese intentions which has been shared by many people outside China. That fear could have been dispelled by very moderate concessions on Japan's part—concessions not of any national interest or of any legal, or even moral, right she possesses. But Japan has refused all concessions; she has preferred to play the part of "the strong man armed." And she has actually stiffened her resistance to the League—of which she is a member and a member with a permanent seat on the Council—since the resolution of last week. She declares that she will not withdraw her troops from Manchuria until there have been preliminary negotiations on certain "fundamental principles." What are these "fundamental principles"? Mr. Yoshizawa was pressed for an explanation by Lord Cecil and others at Geneva, but he could, or would, give no answer. Tokio has since explained. The principles are the mutual repudiation of aggression: the protection of Japanese subjects in Manchuria; no boycotting; respect for China's territorial integrity and respect for Japanese treaty rights. There is nothing here that has not been discussed *ad nauseam* at Geneva, nothing that cannot be settled under the terms of the Council's resolution.

We frankly do not understand what the Japanese hope to gain by these tactics. They do not want to annex any territory, they protest. They can obtain the guarantees they have demanded for their people in Manchuria by carrying out the Council's request. They are in no danger of getting the worst of the bargain in subsequent negotiations with China. By persisting in their present attitude they are losing any scrap of sympathy which the outside world may still have retained for them. They are losing heavily in their trade in China. And if they prolong their contempt of international justice for another week or two they will risk the loss of far more than their trade in China. This defiance of the Council cannot be treated as an episode in a nursery game. It is the most serious challenge that the League has ever had to face, and if it is to be ignored we may as well put the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact into the waste-paper basket, and offer the Palais des Nations to Moscow to be made into a museum. It is too soon to discuss the application of sanctions against the breakers of the Covenant. For, though time is running out, we still hope that Japan will change her mind before November 16th. But if she does not, the Council must be firm, and it must be firmly supported by all those to whom the League is something more than a debating society.

RUSSIAN NOTES

IV. PROLETARIAN CULTURE

FEW will accuse the Russian Communists of indifference to popular education. Their task of combating not merely ignorance, but blank illiteracy, was a formidable one, and the ardour with which they have gone about it must provoke some admiration even in their enemies. The older men and women who cannot read or write may still be numbered in millions, but the millions have grown less year by year. And in the case of the young, the "tempo" (to use the fashionable word) is of course far faster. It is claimed that the number of children in the primary schools has risen from 7,800,000 in 1914 to 20,000,000 in 1931, whilst that of the pupils in technical and factory apprentice-ship schools is now about a million and a half. There is still (partly, no doubt, owing to the subordination of educational to economic development) a very serious shortage of school buildings, of equipment, of text books and, last but not least, of teachers, who, in the ambitious phrase of Lenin, "must reach such a high level in our country as they never did and never will in bourgeois society." These difficulties are being steadily overcome. As regards new schools, if those that I saw in Moscow are typical of what is being done elsewhere (and I am assured that they are), the Soviet educationists will presently have something which they need not be ashamed to show to the Western world. Nor are they concerned only with building and equipping schools and universities and institutes. Their museums, which are rich in treasures and exceptionally well arranged from an instructional point of view, are being extended, and the use of educational films and of the wireless is being developed. Those who are past school age get facilities and encouragement in learning through the co-operatives and the factories. And the youths in the Red Army spend their two years in an intensive course of education which goes far beyond drill and musketry.

At the present moment Russia is engaged in applying a sort of "Hadow Report" scheme which is designed to reorganise the basis and the character of the whole system of elementary and secondary education. This plan goes by the rather forbidding name of "polytechnisation." It aims at making the curriculum less academic by bringing it into closer touch with real life, which in the Russia of to-day means with "productive industry." The primary school, therefore, is to be linked with a factory or, in the country, with a collective farm, so that the children will be familiarised from their earliest years with machines and processes as well as with books. This does not imply that

all the children from the daughter school are going, when they leave, into the mother factory or farm. Nor does it mean, as Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, declares very emphatically, that the school is to become a mere trade school; against that, she says, the Communists must set their face. The first object, in short, is not so much to train the child's hands as to familiarise his mind with the tools and the technique of one sort or another that he will have to use in years to come. Such a scheme of education is not, of course, a new idea invented by the Communists. It has been thought about and fought about by experts and by laymen in the capitalist world, and I do not propose to discuss its obvious advantages and its equally obvious dangers. I will only point out, if it needs pointing out, that in the peculiar circumstances of Russia one strongly felt objection, at any rate, disappears. Russia is not only an industrial, but a Socialist, state; the Russian workers are not the "lower orders;" and the Soviet Union has no Etons and Harrows and other private academies for giving a superior education to young ladies and gentlemen.

But this brings us to a larger question. Granted that the new culture which the Bolsheviks envisage is to be universal and not the privilege of a few, what sort of culture is it going to be? Will all this passion for the conquest of matter, for the mechanisation of everything, this intense concentration on economics, end in producing a new race of "economic man" with a standardised, machine mind—and no doubt a sprinkling of clever, narrow specialists with a smattering of general knowledge—a travesty of the travestied American? That is what some critics, not all of them unfriendly critics, predict. I think myself that it is much too alarmist a view. But the theories and practices of the Communists certainly do raise some doubts. Not only the whole educational system, but science, literature and art are heavily biased with Marxian politico-economic dogma. There is, to be sure, no attempt to conceal this, and no scruple or hesitation about it. The Communist Party has its bible which it swears by and lives by as does a Fundamentalist Christian by his. It carries on its work of conversion with the fire of the Crusaders or of Mohammed, with the subtlety of the Jesuits, and with the ruthlessness of the Holy Inquisition. It imposes a severe personal discipline on its members; it devotes immense care to the training of its apostles. And the results of all this are a bewildering mixture of good and ill. One is moved alternately to admiration, to tears and to laughter.

Consider for a moment the propaganda which covers the land. Some critics talk of it as though it were a plague or a blight; but that is a criticism which does not do justice to the Communists. A great deal of their propaganda (I am speaking of the domestic and not the foreign kind) is not merely legitimate, but praiseworthy. The innumerable posters which advertise one aspect or another of the Five Year Plan vary in quality. Some are really artistic, others are poor. But none that I have seen is so ugly or vulgar as many of the pictures with which our own towns are plastered—the bottles of beer and gin, the pot-bellied butlers handing out cigarettes, the boosts of aperients or furniture on the hire-purchase system. Another kind of poster in which the Russians specialise may do useful work in inculcating good habits and manners among the young. Pictures of virtuous little boys and girls brushing their teeth, going punctually to school, wearing the right kind of clothing and eating the right kind of food, all these are in much demand.

But it is when the fervent Bolshevik turns his energies to literature and drama and the fine arts that one begins to feel uneasy. There is an enormous zest for reading in Russia, and there is a great output of books. There is also a censorship. It may not be oppressive, but it is sufficient to prevent the circulation of the sort of book which the Communist Party considers a Soviet citizen ought not to read. The stage and cinematograph are largely given up to propaganda, which may be impressive, tiresome or amusing, according to one's temperament or mood. I saw two plays of this sort, one dealing with the collectivisation of the farms, and the other with a gang of professors engaged in counter-revolutionary intrigues. Both of them were superbly acted and produced, and were watched with absorbed interest by packed houses. My film shows included an anti-religious (or, to be strictly accurate, anti-clerical) picaresque comedy, and a highly moral and faintly sentimental story of the "liquidation" of the waifs and strays. And then there was a ballet, exhibiting the sufferings of Chinese coolies, the almost superhuman virtue of a Soviet naval captain, and a set of caricatures of capitalists and Imperialists—the chief villain with the air of Sir Austen Chamberlain, and wearing a cap and uniform that one would have said were a British Admiral's, save that they were chocolate coloured. But it is only fair to say that other things are permitted and enjoyed. I saw in Leningrad the ballet *Esmeralda*, which is nothing more nor less than the story of the Hunchback of Notre Dame. And I noticed that, during one week when I was in Moscow, the performances at various theatres included two operas and a ballet of Tchaikovsky's, the *Barber of Seville*, *Aïda*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Carmen*, Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard*, and Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In the Hermitage gallery at Leningrad I had the double pleasure of seeing the pictures and the use to which a really paternal State can put them. An earnest young official guide was taking a party round—a party composed of workers and soldiers. She halted them before Rubens' *Bacchus*, pointed with scorn to the mountain of pink, sagging flesh, and delivered a homily on the sin of over-eating and over-drinking. They passed presently to the portrait of a delightful old burgomaster by Frans Hals. "Look," she cried, "the typical bourgeois of the seventeenth century. Notice his cunning, greedy eyes!" I do not quote this diverting episode simply to mock—nor to suggest that all Communists despise their pictures except as texts for sermons. I do not think they do, and certainly they are no iconoclasts in their galleries, whatever they may be in the churches. Of music I can say little, save that I discovered the existence of a society called the "Russian Association of Proletarian Music," which aims at eliminating all bourgeois elements from the music of the Soviet State. Music, it holds, cannot be separated from the class struggle, and hymn tunes, sentimental love songs and jazz alike must be banned. But I gather from what I heard in other quarters that these youthful enthusiasts have not yet made much headway in their campaign against the capitalist Muse.

What is more important to know is how much headway the serious Communists have made in fitting artists, scientists, philosophers and plain men to their intellectual Bed of Procrustes. A good deal, it would seem, and they may make more before they have finished. But I do not believe that they will destroy the freedom of the mind, and all original creative art, in Russia—or even shackle them permanently; for these things will be too strong for them in the long run.

C. M. LLOYD.

A LONDON DIARY

1919, 1924, 1931—"Hang the Kaiser and Make Germany Pay," the Red Letter, and the Gold Rush—the electoral history of Britain has certainly three times repeated itself in twelve years. The similarities are striking and, I should imagine, disturbing for anyone who desires the continuance of parliamentary government. In each of these three cases a sudden and violent assault upon the party of the Left has been made in the name of patriotism. In each of these three cases practically the whole press has been mobilised on the side of the Right in order to induce the electors to believe that every patriotic Briton must vote against the Liberal or the Socialist, as the case might be. In two of these three elections the forces of the Right

went into battle led by the man who previously had been at the head of the forces of the Left. And the result proved that in elections, at any rate, patriotism is enough, for the result has been the destruction first of the Liberal, and now of the Labour Party.

* * *

I make no complaint, as a believer in democracy and parliamentary government, that the result of the election is a large majority for the National Government. In so far as that majority represents a vote on the economic policy of the National Government, it represents, I think, the opinion of the country. There is a large majority in the country in favour of that policy, and, though I am in the minority, I acquiesce in the decision. But the cry of patriotism broadcast through the 1,000 megaphones of a one-sided press is a very different matter. Patriotism was a false electoral issue, for Mr. Henderson is no less patriotic than Mr. MacDonald. And it is this false issue which converts the reasonable majority into a landslide. It makes parliamentary government precarious if not ridiculous, and leaves us, six months after the election is over and its passions cooled, with a House of Commons fantastically unrepresentative of political opinion in the country.

* * *

Heckling is a traditional and useful part of electioneering sport. A cold fact is the right check to a spate of hot air, and there are few fairer tests of a candidate than his ability to answer the awkward interrupter. It was partly because I had heard that Lord Beaverbrook was so good at this game that I went to hear him at Camden Town Hippodrome on Sunday. But they gave him no chance. The meeting was frankly an outrage. I do not suppose anyone has a poorer opinion of Lord Beaverbrook's economics than I. But I did want to hear him explain them, all the more so because he is so obviously in earnest and because his speech —or such of it as I could hear—was quite unprovocative, straightforward propaganda, without a personal jibe in it. The big theatre was packed with the well-dressed sympathisers mainly in the stalls, and the groups of shouting, chanting rowdies scattered about in the pit and galleries. For the most part I think they were unemployed men who, politics apart, found interrupting a meeting a warmer and more amusing way of spending the afternoon than walking the streets in the bitterest of east winds. Beaverbrook, I must admit, stuck it well. He was serious, persistent and not much ruffled. Every now and again he would stop for a moment to shoot his large hands out of his shirt cuffs in that odd workmanlike way of his, and then doggedly begin again. He must have talked for nearly an hour through a din that ebbed and flowed but never ceased—which is an ordeal for the listener, let alone the speaker.

* * *

This organised interrupting business has been going on in many parts of the country and at the expense of all parties. The Labour Party, I am told, suffered severely from it in Peckham and Mr. MacDonald in Seaham, while Mr. Maxton is not the only Labour candidate who has made strenuous efforts to get his opponent a hearing. Now my sympathies are all with the unemployed, and if the gentlemen of England are really determined to declare that the dole is the cause of all our troubles I regard it as unfortunately inevitable that the chance of organising the unemployed should be left to the Communists. But surely they do the job badly. If they were organised, as the suffragettes were, to get up and make orderly and intelligent demonstrations in every meeting, they would make an immense impression. A series of coherent protests from one down-and-out man after another would have taken the wind out of the sails of all that smug row of people who sat behind Lord Beaverbrook. But as it was, the interrupters merely exasperated. They did not even frighten anyone or break up the meeting. They were quite ineffective, and as aggravating as a baby repeating a newly learnt word or beating a table with a spoon, which is about all that Communist leadership in this country seems to amount to at present.

* * *

The revolt in Cyprus reflects very seriously upon our Colonial service and Colonial Office, which, whenever I come in contact with it, seems to me to be the least efficient and most reactionary of our Government Offices. For the Governor to have his official residence suddenly and unexpectedly burnt over his head by his enraged subjects shows how completely ignorant the administration must have been of the real feelings of the Cypriotes. Now some time ago a delegate of the Cyprus party in favour of union with Greece came to London with a petition to the Secretary of State. He was an intelligent and reasonable man, but he insisted that the vast majority of the population demanded union with Greece. Cyprus was actually annexed by us in 1914, and to prevent its union with Greece, if the population really demand it, was contrary to all our war and peace promises. I was so impressed with the delegate's statements that I went and discussed the matter with an important personage at the Colonial Office. That office, I found, pooh-poohed the whole thing as the agitation of a handful of negligible extremists, and an extremely brusque negative answer was given to the petition. Government House, which has now been burnt, was, by the by, a charming building and, oddly enough, built by the French poet, Rimbaud.

* * *

When I drew attention last week to the *Daily Mirror* masterpiece of election propaganda I assumed that the picture was what it purported to be. I have since learned the true history from a witness of the scene. One day early in September, 1917, a group of men, including at least one photographer as well as my correspondent, were looking out on the Nevsky Prospect from a balcony. Below, the street was full of people. There was a general atmosphere of unrest, for the air was full of rumours and, though Lenin was actually in Finland at the time, Kerensky's position was becoming difficult. Three armoured cars full of non-revolutionary soldiers were approaching from a side street when a woman raised the cry of "Bolsheviki" and the people within earshot were seized with panic. Some began to run away, others flung themselves on the ground to be out of the way of the supposed machine gun fire. The armoured cars went slowly by, with the soldiers they contained roaring with laughter at the sensation they had created. In a few minutes the crowd realised that they had been the victims of a false alarm and that no one had been hurt. They picked themselves up and joined in the laughter. The best part of the joke was the discovery that a number of people had jumped for shelter into a deep trench opened for the repair of drains in the Nevsky Prospect, and that these were now finding it impossible to get out alone. After a certain amount of good-natured back-chat they were given a hand by the spectators above, among whom my informant was one. Meanwhile the cameras had been at work. Sometime later my correspondent received a print of the scene, which he kept as a souvenir of one of the lighter moments of his stay in Russia. It was the scene which disgraced the *Daily Mirror's* front page on October 19, and which was first published by them on September 19, 1917. It is worthy of note that the Kerensky Government did not fall before the Bolsheviks till November 7, 1917. My informant also states that when it was being alleged in almost the entire British press that the Kremlin was ruined and in flames, he had sent to him in Moscow a copy of a well-known English weekly pictorial paper containing a sensational photograph showing the whole Kremlin on fire. My friend actually had the journal in his hand when he walked through the Kremlin, which was absolutely intact, as it remains to-day.

To illustrate the ignorance of some members of the electorate, last week I repeated a remark of a man who complained that "that nigger sitting on a roof in the Bow Road was up to no good." I give in full a letter which I have just received from an address in Golders Green.

SIR,—Please to receive communication from unworthy but outraged self.

Am not writing best English but herewith. Have observed with gross horror and indignation that NEW STATESMAN is calling Holy Saint Mister Gandhi "nigger sitting on roof." All India will be flaming at same and name of NEW STATESMAN will stink at the nostrils.

Awfully beastly.

Beneath was a signature either of a very earnest Indian or of a very accomplished jester. CRITIC.

OUR STARS

SIR JAMES JEANS has enormously increased popular curiosity about the stars. A Sunday newspaper now publishes a regular article entitled, "What the Stars Foretell for This Week," advancing a step beyond Sir James to pluck new secrets from the heavens. It is hard to say which is the more exciting—to learn the number of years it takes a ray of light to travel to the earth from the farthest known star or to learn three days before the Cambridgeshire is run that the week is going to be "a bad week for backing favourites, except on Friday, but watch outsiders on Tuesday." I can find no record of racing's having taken place on Tuesday, since the Newmarket meeting for that day was cancelled on account of the General Election, but this does not necessarily invalidate the message from the stars. I see no reason for doubting that if racing had actually taken place on Tuesday, outsiders would have had to be watched. It is possible, of course, that the message of the stars was slightly misread, and that the outsiders whose triumph was pointed to were not horses but politicians. I noticed that several outsiders won on Tuesday. At the same time, I am mildly disappointed that the cancellation of the races at Newmarket was foretold by no planetary conjunction.

I have been equally troubled by reading a new book of a semi-astrological kind which describes one's character according to the month in which one was born. There is nothing to complain of on the score of denigration. So far as I have dipped into the book every month of the year produces perfectly delightful people. I myself, for example, having been born in April, am one of the Water-folk who "will always remain the charm and delight of this dull world; its quaint wits, its child-spirits, its Pucks, its *gamins*, and withal, its healers, its helpers and its burden-bearers—the noblest calling of all." That is a pretty good testimonial after all my schoolmasters used to say about me. And the compliment, be it noted, applies not only to me, but to every one else who was born in April, August, or December. There are, it is true, slight differences between the Water-folk of April and the Water-folk of August, and between the Water-folk of August and those of December. Thus, if, like Shakespeare and myself, you were born in April, you "care nothing at all for fame or rewards." You are also "physically active, good at games and sports, fond of the play and swing of athletics, contemptuous of the sedentary." April is the month of wayward water; August, on the other hand, is the month of still water. Hence, April gives us a Shakespeare, while August gives us Mr. Stanley Baldwin. "May we," writes the author, "before closing this gracious list, be forgiven for including one illustrious modern—Mr. Stanley Baldwin? His birthday, occurring on August 4th, makes him 'Still Waters,' which, as we all know, can splash magnificently when rude little boys throw stones into its serene and pellucid depths."

Charming though we Water-folk are, however, I must protest that the author of *Your Birthday Month and You* lays the colours on a little too thick. She says of us, for example: "They do not like to be publicly thanked. They hate all publicity. They think it is silly, and it makes them feel idiotic. They will do the job, but you mustn't crown them for it. They whirl crowns aside, as streams and waterfalls toss away objects and landmarks, strewing their banks with such rejected trophies." Hate publicity? Why, I remember at an early age subscribing half a crown to a mission for the sole purpose of seeing my name printed in the annual report. I wanted to give a shilling; but, on hearing that shillings were not acknowledged under the individual subscriber's name but were grouped together anonymously as "Small Sums," I immediately rose to the larger amount. Hate publicity? Well, I did feel a longing to sink under the floor of the church when the clergyman with whom I had cautiously discussed the matter of "Small Sums" held me up by name, in the midst of an impassioned appeal to a crowded congregation, as a model of charity to all children. "Fame," says the author of *Your Birthday Month and You* about the Water-folk "seems to them to be quite useless as a goal. They think it is really stupid." You will understand why if you have ever undergone the supreme torture of hearing a white-bearded old ruffian doing his best to ruin your reputation by singing your praises from a pulpit. I may say that nothing of the kind has ever happened to me since. One draught of that kind of fame is enough for a life-time.

On the other hand, let those who wish to present us Water-folk with crowns not be deterred by the statement in this book that we "whirl crowns aside, as streams and waterfalls toss away objects and landmarks." That is really a misdescription of the atmosphere in which we normally live. We do not spend our time whirling aside crowns. If we do not possess crowns it is because nobody offers them to us. Even the few school prizes that I won I did not whirl aside or hurl at the head of the dignitaries who presented them to me. Nor did Mr. Baldwin, though the least personally ambitious of statesmen, whirl aside the Premiership when it was offered to him as streams and waterfalls toss away objects and landmarks. We Water-folk feel that such things are simply not done. I agree that if someone offered us a crown of the "uneasy-lies-the-head" type we would avoid it like the plague. I myself, for example, would firmly refuse the post of Prime Minister of England, Viceroy of India, or President of the Chinese Republic. But that is not because I dislike the publicity, but because I dislike the responsibility. Merely symbolic crowns that involved no duties or responsibilities, if they came my way, would, I say quite frankly, be gratefully received.

Is it not evident, indeed, from the way in which I have dwelt on the month of my own birth to the exclusion of others, that we Water-folk are not nearly so self-effacing as we are painted? The fact is, however, that merely because I am one of them, I am immensely more interested in the Water-folk than, say, in the Fire-folk, who are people born in March, July and November. I am even glad to discover, among the extravagant eulogies of the Fire-folk, some of the faults that are attributed to them. They cannot help, we are told for one thing, doing quite ordinary things in a spectacular way. "One meets a Fire-person going to the dentist's with the air of Marie Antoinette going to the guillotine, and she will tell you when she is going, when a Water-person would keep the whole thing profoundly dark." The explanation may be, of course, that the Water-person is afraid to let his mind dwell on where he is going; but none the less, the egotism of the Fire-person is unpleasant. With the Fire-folk it is apparently publicity at all costs, "To be the hooted and hated central figure of a crowd has to them a zest about it that no state of peace and obscurity would ever possess. The sense of vendetta is strong in them always." So much for the Fire-folk. As for the Air-folk, born in February, June and

October, to whom you should go "for wisdom, for soul comfort, for serenity of mind and for luck," they, too, have their faults, for they are "primarily in serious danger of becoming gamblers." Also, "they are interested in their own element. They will talk learnedly and with real enthusiasm about vapours, gas and the chemical composition of the planets and heavenly bodies." The moral, obviously, is that one should never invite anybody born in February, June or October to a dinner-party. Or, if you do, keep edging the conversation away from the heavenly bodies.

The remaining section of the human race, consisting of the Earth-folk born in January, May and September, have many eminent virtues, but they, too, should either not be invited to dinner parties or should be handled with great circumspection at table. "The men of the order," writes Mrs. Baillie Saunders, the author of this book, "and the more intellectual of the women, have a great natural bias towards the study of such subjects as geology, chemistry, mining, agriculture, afforestation, and earth products generally." All excellent subjects in their own place, but not light openings for conversation with a wayward Water-person over the hors d'œuvres. That "they may very easily become gossips and the tellers of tales" is in their favour as guests, but I know that it would always be my luck to sit beside one who preferred to talk abouth earth products generally. I can imagine her long-winded description of a piece of coal and her account of how a mangel-wurzel grows from a small seed to maturity. . . .

On the whole I think it is the happiest fate to be born one of the Water-folk and to spend one's life doing something interesting, such as whirling crowns aside.

Y.Y.

POLLING DAY REFLECTIONS

I CANNOT say that I was cheered,
This morning, by my rights elective,
Since both our candidates appeared
To me as mentally defective;
Yet now 'tis over, I admit
Compassion moves my kindly nature
For him the count condemns to quit
The platform for the legislature.

Whichever he may be, he'll know
(The fight was straight—the issues tangled)
His elevation he must owe
To those third-party votes he wangled;
And every time that he divides
On State-owned banks, cuts, doles, Protection,
He'll dream of thousands changing sides
When he appeals for re-election.

For all the pledges that he gave
(They cancel out, as do his betters')
Have bound him as a purchased slave
In two quite different sets of fetters;
And things as easy to forget,
While in the platform's rhetoric wallowing,
As India's fate, may cost him yet
Some precious section of his following.

Poor puzzled wretch! I wish him well,
Be he or not the man I voted for—
Clear thought is not, the truth to tell,
A thing electorates are noted for:
Had *we* more calmly judged the weight
Of factors in some late transactions,
It might be easier to translate
Election speeches into actions.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

NATIONAL POLICY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am deliberately writing this letter before the result of the General Election is known, so that it cannot be said that its views were dictated by that result.

Now that the turmoil of the election fight is over, I ask you to allow me to submit two points to my fellow members of the Labour Movement.

1. May I ask them to reflect upon the important fact which determined the success of the Russian Revolution? That fact is that Lenin in the home of revolution itself beat a Socialist retreat (called a New Economic Policy), when he realised that capitalist peasants and capitalist traders were temporarily in a position to damage the course of the revolution. Is there not here a parallel with the recent policy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, when confronted with the power of present day finance during the transition from minority to majority Labour rule?

2. Whatever the result of the Election, is it not possible for us now to put aside the mood of party anger, and—whether as a Labour Government or as a Labour Opposition—to remember that there are certain very immediate problems calling for the exercise of intelligence and effort by the Government and Opposition *alike?* Those problems are:—

1. The achievement of pooled security and disarmament.
2. International attention to currency, credit and other financial and economic subjects.
3. A wiser national banking system.
4. India's constitutional problem.

I do not know which party is to be in office and which in opposition, but I do know that the attainment of these objects is more important to the world and to the welfare of the workers than a bitter party battle.—Yours, etc.,

CLIFFORD ALLEN.

Hurtwood House,
Albury, Guildford.
October 25th.

THE ELECTOR AND THE LIBERAL PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Can there ever have been such a time when official Liberalism in the constituencies has failed utterly to express the Liberalism of the rank and file? The spokesmen of Liberalism have denied every truth for which Liberalism has stood. Perhaps the most extreme expression was in the denial of Parliamentary institutions when Lord Grey stated "it would be desirable there should be no member of the Labour Party in the House of Commons at all."

This election marks the end of a period in Liberalism. We cannot continue to keep united the extremes of Conservatism and Radicalism in one Party. We have arrived at a parting of the ways, and whilst maybe the machine will move to the right, the rank and file shows a marked tendency towards moving to the left.

In over 300 constituencies Liberals have made a choice between Conservatism and Socialism. We are back, in the main, to the two party system of Government. The new affections are likely to be permanent. Liberals who have gone Tory are not likely to return. Liberals who voted Labour are not likely to be satisfied with less than a robust Radicalism. The Liberal "machine" is not likely to inspire them with confidence, and the Labour "machine" is unable to utilise them effectively.

We need, to bridge a gap between Liberalism and Socialism, something more than the overcoming of little differences between the Yellow Book and *Labour and the Nation*, something more than the infusion of Liberal tradition into Socialist ideals and something more than harmonising the differences of Liberal and Socialist organisations and methods. The task is not insuperable, and to some extent is bridged already where Liberals are elected on Socialist votes or a Socialist is elected on Liberal votes.

It is my earnest hope that Liberals who are really interested in progress may band themselves into an association of Liberal-Socialists. They should be Liberals steeped in the Liberal tradition, determined

(1) to meet together in all districts to discuss how Liberalism can supplement Socialist reforms;

(2) to work out a practical policy for united action in parliamentary and municipal affairs ;
(3) to conduct educational campaigns through study circles and public appeals ;
(4) to give practical support to Liberal and Socialist candidates pledged to united parliamentary action.

The relationship of the association to the Labour Party would be somewhat analogous to the relationship that should, rather than does, exist between them and the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society. The contribution should be one of constructive thought and friendly criticism, and in localities where the Labour appeal is notably weak, such as in agricultural constituencies, our influence would be of the greatest value in winning support for reform.

We should be Liberals whom men would trust because they knew exactly where we stood, we should be Liberals who could act together and we should have both a policy and an ideal. This is the line of ordered progress, and without it both rank and file, Liberals and Socialists, will become embittered and lost to the cause of reform.—Yours, etc.,

Eirene, 118 Bourneville Lane, Bourneville. HAROLD WATTS.
October 26th.

THE FALL IN THE POUND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Is "Toreador" quite up to date when he implies that the City Editor of the *Times* concentrates exclusively on lavish expenditure as the cause of our financial difficulties? In the City column of that paper on October 15th, I read :

> . . . . . The present world crisis, directly or indirectly, is largely the outcome of restrictions of one kind and another—tariffs, prohibitions, licences, ill-timed output restriction schemes—and if international trade is to revive these hindrances to the exchange of commodities and services must at least be reduced, if not removed. Restrictions stop growth, and without growth stagnation sets in, followed perhaps by decay.

I admit I was somewhat surprised to read the foregoing, and wondered if by error a copy of the Basle Committee Report had strayed into the uncongenial atmosphere of Printing House Square. In these despondent days, however, one cannot afford to ignore the most feeble source of encouragement, and I am hoping against hope that a true appreciation of national and international economics is at last appearing in the City page of the *Times*, and that it may even some day percolate through to the editorial page itself.

The immediate departure from the gold standard was obviously as "Toreador" describes. But the *Times* is surely right in saying that the fundamental causes are international, and that of these causes trade restrictions form a large part, reparations and war debts presumably making up most of the balance.

I am glad "Toreador" is calling attention to the danger of sterling being forced back towards its gold parity. One of the main dangers of a Tariff policy at the present moment is that it may be used to facilitate such action, with disastrous results. It is, therefore, most important that all those who can in any way influence economic thought in this country should concentrate on preventing such a movement and on exposing the by no means improbable action of France and America, which "Toreador" summarises in such an apposite manner.—Yours, etc.,

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham. L. J. CADBURY.
October 24th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondents, Messrs. Barrington Gates and F. W Meredith, ask me to tell them where they are wrong in thinking that the pound "had in any case only a little way to fall." It is difficult to say where they are wrong, because they give no reasons for holding an opinion which, so far as I know, is not shared by any other responsible observers. Everybody else, including every member of the last Government, seems to be agreed that it was essential to balance the Budget as soon as the flight from the pound began.

Surely it is obvious that the pound had exactly twenty shillings to fall. Why should the pound be immune from the influences which destroyed the mark and reduced the franc to one-fifth of its former value? If nothing had been done to restore the confidence of the foreigner, and all the short-term foreign deposits in London had been withdrawn, the pound would indeed have fallen with "a resounding crash." If we had been forced off the gold standard while the Budget was still unbalanced, and with a Government in office which took the light-hearted view of your correspondents, we should have been caught in that "vicious spiral" of inflation and rising prices which Sir Arthur Salter described in a recent issue of the *Times*. (I am not appealing to the authority of Sir Arthur Salter, great though it is ; I am endeavouring to save your space by referring to his lucid exposition instead of repeating it.) When money is not tied to a standard such as gold, its value depends entirely upon confidence. It is worth what people will give for it, and loss of confidence is cumulative ; the greater the fall in value, the stronger will be the distrust of the currency. Thus there may be a considerable fall in the value of money without inflation, but then inflation becomes neeessary in order to meet current expenditure, and the "vicious spiral" comes into full operation.

It is curious that some British Socialists seem to have a John Bullish notion that the consequences which have been seen so recently in Europe cannot possibly result from the same causes here.—Yours, etc., HAROLD WRIGHT.

LABOUR RESPONSIBILITY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The very interesting letter by my friend, Mr. H. G. Wood, in your number for October 24th, moves me to make a few comments upon the issue he raises. He very ably describes what is perhaps the most fundamental weakness of the Labour Party as the indecision between the Liberal doctrine of gradual change and the Marxian doctrine of sudden upheaval. He quotes with approval Sir Norman Angell's characterisation of the English Socialist—"Too often he has not really made up his mind whether he wants to prevent sudden breakdown or to promote it." And in Mr. Wood's view this indecision is the essential intellectual and moral failure of the Labour movement in this country.

It can certainly not be denied that such an indecision exists. But it seems to me to arise, not because of some logical fallacy or unresolved paradox at the basis of Socialist thought, but simply because it is quite impossible to see what the future will bring. Socialists know perfectly well what they want, but what they do not know, and what nobody else knows, is whether they will be able to get it without a sudden break with the present individualistic system and its feudal survivals. English Socialists do not know whether a sudden break must come or not, but as they are determined to get what they want by traditional constitutional measures, *if possible*, their attitude must needs seem, in this sense, uncertain, since the topography of future events is itself uncertain.

Until very recently there was no reason for doubting that constitutional measures would suffice. The fundamental assumption of English government for the past three centuries, namely that the will of the majority of the electorate could by parliamentary procedure be translated into law, had not broken down. But if we are now to accept the obvious fact that certain measures, even if desired by a majority of the citizens of this country, cannot pass into law without the *Imprimatur* of the highest financial interests, we may well ask what value remains in our electoral system. Our Constitution has grown up primarily as the instrument of a democracy, but if that "two-handed engine" has lost its sharpness, democracy must find some other engine or give place to oligarchy and bourgeois dictatorship. And these remarks are not affected by the result of to-day's polling, whatever it may be, for a red-white-and-blue election may succeed in fooling the English people for a time, but not for any great length of time.—Yours, etc.,

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. JOSEPH NEEDHAM.
October 27th.

POLITICS AND RELIGION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—How the enemies of religion must rejoice when they read the Bishop of London's words published in the *Daily Herald*

and *Times* this morning (" The credit of this country is so much shaken that if the verdict of the country goes wrong to-morrow the pound will fall to 5s. in 24 hours, 1s. within a week and a 1d. in a month.").

What additional cause such words will give them to think the clergy use their position to further unfairly their views! They will reflect that, though bishops and clergy have given thinly veiled advice to vote for the " National Government," not one has publicly enjoined his flock to study both sides of the question in the newspapers of both parties; on the contrary they have quoted the *Times* to reinforce their opinions—the *Times*—the chosen organ of the classes in possession.

How much this obvious bias is likely to increase men's respect for the clergy or for the holy religion it is their business to teach they do not appear to ask themselves, nor how much their partisan spirit deepens the impression that the clergy, as a body, have always championed and do now champion the comfortable, and especially the titled, ones of the earth.—Yours, etc.,

October 27th. S. M. G.

THE LONDON GROUP

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As one of the original founders of the London group, and one of its first secretaries, might I be allowed space to express my thankful appreciation of Mr. Earp's remarks upon " mass production " in Modern painting?

Twelve years ago I resigned from the London group as a protest against the doctrinaire and " studiotic " formula that was killing all experiment in an art that is incapable of exact definition and still less of æsthetic recipe. I foresaw that mass-production would be its dismal end.

Owing to " association of ideas," " harmony of colour," " arrangement of form," and " contrast of lights " pictorial art is incessantly merging into literature, music, architecture or drama, and is as " impure " as all the other arts.

We talk incessantly of the colour of music, the form of literature, the rhythm of architecture, and every " talkie " should at least prove—even to the most unscientific " Intelligentsia "—that light and sound can be recorded in the terms of light. In aviation we are on the brink of discovering how to turn engine noise into searchlight.

Yet with all this intermingling of our senses the Academicians of the London group cling to their " pure art " formulas condemning, if logical, all the great masters of the past who were often literary and representational, not to mention the " purely literary " painters, such as Hogarth, Daumier, Van Gogh, Gauguin, or the Persian illustrators.

With the exception of the Sur-realists who are too literary and too obsessed by the science of " idea association," modern artists have chained themselves to one dreary form of production, forever distilling and filtering their art till nothing is left but " purity " and one-dimensional " Ford pattern " pictures of the London group, the Paris *Independent* salons, or the extremists of New York.

It is awful to contemplate that the creed, art for art's sake, of the " æsthetic nineties " should have become mass-production in the " uncommercial thirties."

Poor Cézanne, poor Baudelaire, poor Whistler! May the ages yet deliver them from their supporters!—Yours, etc.,

C. R. W. NEVINSON.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to express my gratitude to Mr. Roger Fry for supplementing my notice of the London group? I agree that the works mentioned by him are worthy of the high distinction of his praise. My own criticism was directed against the apparent tendency of the Group in general, for which the hanging committee was presumably responsible, and in this regard Mr. Fry's judgment does not seem altogether opposed to mine. The official preface for the Group claims that " they do hold together," and I am happy to think that Mr. Fry, in condemning the disappointing mediocrity of its older and more established reputations, and in singling out the work of some of its non-members for praise, lends his valuable support to my protest against a cohesion of monotony.—Yours, etc.,

London. T. W. EARP.

Miscellany

THE ROAD

THE grass that grows at the side of an Irish country road would feed an army of horses. It feeds the horses and donkeys of the tinkers, which is the name by which gypsies are known in Ireland. You come upon them on summer days, encamped by the roadside, with a small tribe of wild, bright-eyed children, one or two half-starved, shrilly yapping mongrels. Going on a little way you find a piteous horse, forgetting the weariness of the dusty road, knee-deep in grass.

Perhaps there are compensations, after all, for the horses and donkeys as for the wildly yapping mongrels whose lot is obviously not altogether an unhappy one, although while they make protestations of hostility they will keep, with the dexterity of much practice, carefully beyond the reach of a kick or a stone. After the main road, so hard and merciless for a horse's feet—the black ice, the people call it—it is good to turn at evening from it on to the country road which winds, as it always wound, over the little bridge and the river, towards the mountains.

You may travel a long way on the country road and not meet a motor even in these days. Progress has come with the Shannon Scheme which lights our villages for us and our country houses, where only a year or so ago we went up one by one to bed with a procession of candles. The Shannon Scheme will work our farm for us, do our washing, iron our clothes, and you can travel the length and breadth of Ireland on the black ice which is good for motors but hard for the feet of horses and cattle.

Still you may turn off the main road and it is the Ireland of your childhood. The very smell of the meadowsweet in the ditches is the same. The way the wind blows on one of our rare summer days, the clouds which are never absent in Ireland moving before it, across the sky—have winds and clouds changed elsewhere? There is nothing in the world, after all, to stab one so with longing as some faint smell, elusive, bewildering with a thousand tender associations. The smell of an Irish country house as one goes up to bed—how should one define it? A faint breath of roses and syringa from the bowls in the hall below; a faint suggestion of damp drying when the slow summer has come at last; a smell of hay from the meadow beyond the tennis lawn. All these things you might find in English country, clearer, more easily recognisable. This tortures us and is gone before we can catch up with it, leaving behind only some vague trouble. One turns—still with the candle in one's hand (since the Shannon Scheme has not reached us yet). The staircase window frames pale light and soft shadows, black trees against a green evening sky. These nights we sit in daylight till half-past ten and, climbing the staircase to bed at eleven, our candles are not necessary after all. The trees make a barrier shutting out that world of progress and the main road a mile or so away, from which the sound of traffic comes across the quiet fields. The beech trees spreading their stately branches make a wall so thick you cannot see through. They soften only against the sky, where black clouds lie along the green and break to show a streak of yellow.

And will it be fine to-morrow for the haymaking? One has to learn childhood's knowledge again to read the weather signs. The hay lying cut in swathes smells faintly elusive, like those other smells. Always one is pursuing something, coming up with it, only to lose it. The sound the wind makes in the long grasses, coming from the mountains—it is above all an Irish summer sound.

A night or two ago we drove behind a slow-trotting horse along the country road. The horse—so rare a thing is it now to drive—was taken from the farming. The trap,

unused for years, showed horsehair protruding from the cushions. We even tied some of the harness together with string.

That is the way to capture the country and one's childhood. The wind, blowing the grasses, may go before you and be lost. What matter that we went, being on the other side, to hear Mr. De Valera speak in the country town which lies quiet and grey in the twilight? The Irish pipers disturbed the quietness and one's heart, too—so susceptible and wandering is that Irish heart that for a moment one understood how dull a thing it seemed to vote for a Government when the Irish pipes marched, playing rebel airs. There was confusion again with childhood in which Irish pipers had played an Irish regiment to France. And all of it was less important than that country road, where a stray tinker's horse grazing in the thick grass lifted sad eyes to look at us as we went by and where such wild roses as one had not dreamed of hung garlands forward to greet us. No artist, no gardener working with years of patience has achieved such beauty as this. Pale and dark, long trailing arches, clumps and bushes that must have been devised in Paradise: they make the loveliest of man's gardens a dull thing by comparison.

A small river went beside us for a little way, a clear river running over stones. One remembered an Irish child visiting small English cousins and contemptuous of the dryness of English country where there were no rivers to play with. There is no toy in the world better than a river running down from mountains, singing as it runs. This river turning off across the fields took some of the meadowsweet with it. But the evening air was still filled with its smell and with the smell of honeysuckle and elder. The horse taken from the hay-cutting (a wisp of hay hung still here and there in his mane) was in no hurry. Why should one hurry? Why had one ever hurried in a bewildering world where nothing was achieved and one was no happier? In that pre-war world there was always time for this, to go behind a slow-moving horse along country roads, part of the country as one went. One learns the road afresh the first time one takes it with a horse. The small slopes, the small hills—a corner here made for leisurely travelling. What if a car should come quickly, and we meandering as though the whole world belonged to us? No car came, although we could hear them far away on the black ice that was made for them. A small white cottage, wreathed in roses, caught the last of the sunlight to smile at us as we went. When we came back two or three hours later, it had shut its eyes and gone to sleep and the walls were grey with sleep, merged softly into shadows. There was only the smell of the roses to go with us a little way and be lost. And a tired horse who had done his day's hay-cutting was content to walk home, his driver content to let him walk. We passed a friend driving a little pony trap, the same friend who had refused an offer of a lift to the poll at our recent election. "Sure I'll be there with the little pony, Miss." Our horse and the pony are sociable and we see no reason why they should not be, even though the two traps block the road. Who would be coming this way on a summer night, indeed . . . who that was in a hurry and could not wait? Such travellers take the main road, which is hard for the feet of horses and cattle and old people and children and dogs and for a herd of donkeys I saw a week ago, of all ages, fifty or more of them, the tiny foals trotting beside their mothers for all the world like François Jammes going to Paradise.

We heard the cars going home from the last speeches as the long light turned green in the sky beyond the black wall of the trees which shut us in, guarding us. . . . And we climbed to bed as a sleepy bird sang outside the landing window through which the pale light came, making the candles yellow. The faint elusive smell of an Irish country house and dead and gone summers went with us, broke our hearts, and was lost. . . .

PAMELA HINKSON.

AUTUMN SALON

THE Goupil Gallery Salon is altogether a respectable affair. There is no display of sensationalism, either of the academic or insurgent kind. On the other hand, a high level in contemporary English painting is represented, and most of the exhibits are very interesting within the bounds of discreet selection. The show is evidence of a healthy impulse in our modern production besides affording an interesting study of the influences directing it.

But first one should note the visitors. It has always been the Goupil custom to intersperse a few safe French pictures in their salons, to impart the faintest Parisian tinge. This time there are two excellent Gauguins, *The Tall Trees* and *Houses by the Water*. They have a grace and limpidity, knit together by a power of organisation, which demonstrate the unfairness of regarding the painter as a mere exotic. The specious appeal of the South Seas work has greatly obscured his merit as a "pure" painter, and these two canvases should prevent all the honours for that aspect of post-impressionism being given to Cézanne.

The two Le Sidaners, on the contrary, are two more tombstones to a reputation. The treacly sentimentalism of twilight offered the easiest means of appeal for the vulgariser of impressionism. Mr. Manson's delightful little *Cap d'Antibes: Evening*, where science blends with finely regulated emotion, is a salutary exposure of Le Sidaner's tricks. *The Furrowed Field* of De Segonzac is a good, dignified example of the work of a painter very fashionable in this country. He entirely justifies his adherents, but for those who remember must challenge comparison with the English painter Peppercorn, whose grave and austere workmanship ought to receive fresh attention in view of De Segonzac's popularity. The Vuillard, *Girl Reading*, is good without being distinguished; it is to be hoped that some time there may be an adequate presentation of this painter in London. The Big Six of impressionism have had it their own way too much in exhibitions here; and how splendid a show could be made of Vuillard, Guillaumin, Jongkind, Bonnard and Raffaëlli. Of contemporary French paintings at the Goupil there is another irritating chocolate-box lid by Marie Laurencin, a chlorotic *Flowerpiece*, which is a *dernier cri* of anæmic prettiness. But the two landscapes of Derain and Friesz are of a different stuff. Impressive and firmly modelled, they show what realism can be when a balanced composition is brought to play on it and when firm control is exercised over a limited scale of colour. The influence of these two painters on our own moderns has been considerable and by no means beneficial. Too many of the landscapes at the Goupil follow their realism but miss their composition and cannot rule their colour, which results in a lack of interest as regards subject and design, and an unpleasing rawness and crudity of hue. Even Mr. Duncan Grant in his latest work, and, alas! how many of his followers, have not escaped these faults.

But the most apparent influence at the exhibition, the Goupil standing pre-eminently for "polite" painting, is Mr. Steer. The water-colour landscapes in the first room are all tributary to him, but his own *Sandwich Bay* and *Richborough* triumph over their vassals. Only two very small pictures by Mr. Pryde break this uniformity. They at least remind us that here again is a very fine painter, the need for a satisfactory exhibition of whose work has long been overdue. He has done much to keep the fine tradition of imaginative painting from being smothered by exclusively scientific experiment, and now that that particular strain is rapidly becoming extenuate, the opportunity of seeing a good collection of Prydes might give a new and very refreshing impulse to our young painters.

Two early works by Mr. John, *The Red Feather* and *On the Hillside*, are the jewels of the English work in the large room, and happily the Salon contains no imitations of him. Indeed,

the originality and independence displayed are a cheering feature. Mr. Stanley Spencer's glossy realism exerted upon uninteresting subjects shows that an eschewal of literature does not benefit his painting, but Mr. Gilbert Spencer, with *Gold Hill, Shaftesbury*, is gradually toning his rather harsh method of presentation into a very pleasing richness. Lady Patricia Ramsay's *In the Tropics* is a glowing landscape showing the wisdom of accepting appearances at face-value and not reducing them to geometry. Mr. Dunlop shows a fine portrait in a less hurried manner than usual, which is a marked improvement. The impressionist sea-scapes of M. K. Rowles, with a suggestion of the early Steer, are delicate and delightful. Mme. Benois' *Pembroke Square*, with the charming texture and arrangement of its greys and greens, puts her at once in the front rank of the younger generation. This charming canvas almost compensates for Mr. Matthew Smith's remaining disappointingly static. But the exhibition as a whole is full of incident and variety.

T. W. EARP.

THE VILLAINS

PITY the grave, dispassionate white bull,
Younger than desire, young as dreaming,
Wandering gently gay and clover-full
In the cool fields of evening—
Suddenly lightning-wild and whirlwind-trembling,
Possessed for Jove's dissembling.

Pity the Sea-beast Perseus slew,
Pity its fierce bewilderment,
Torn up to battle upon painful land,
From the long caves,
The deep, pale sand
And the wide privacy of waves.

Pity the eagles of Prometheus,
The gaunt doomed eagles crying
Above the rock of anguish,
Condemned to torture the lean flesh of light,
Lost to the high hunt and the fiery flying.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Alexander Hamilton

MR. ARLISS at the New Gallery puts across some stiff economic teaching. In the early 1790's the Government of General Washington was threatened with financial collapse, unless Hamilton, Secretary to the Treasury, could get his Assumption Bill through. We hear all the arguments for and against the Federal and the Centralised systems of Government. Hamilton, by masterly lobbying, is on the point of triumph, when an affair with which he had been entrapped by a designing woman makes him look both immoral and corrupt. Arliss, however, triumphs over all difficulties. He had been led into sin by M. de Tallyrand! The material of this play is distinguished, but the arguments on finance and economics, though intelligently conducted, do not perhaps make very good "cinema"; they hold up the movement. However, George Arliss can pull off anything. The eighteenth-century setting of old America is absolutely charming, the director having perfectly caught the easy-going atmosphere of an English county town. There were some delightful shots of old New York Harbour, with just a few sailing ships lying at anchor and with one larger one which is taking the heroine to England. This film is noticeable for its sense of the past, as well as for George Arliss in a part which would have, I should imagine, completely floored anyone except himself.

The Santa Fé Trial

Fighting Caravans, with Gary Cooper, at the Plaza, is as good a *Covered Wagon* picture as you could hope to see, illustrating a trek to California in the middle of the Civil War, just before the coming of the railroads. We are treated to a great variety of landscapes, the early shots having been taken in a blazing sunlight, which is most effective. The "set piece" at the end, when a petrol tank is set on fire and the petrol floats down the river, thus keeping the Red Indians at bay, must be seen to be believed. The obvious criticism of this talkie is that it talks too much. Maybe it does, but on the other hand the talk here is much more snappy than usual. Gary Cooper, out of the dinner jacket which he had so unwillingly donned for *City Streets*, looked his usual magnificent self as the young scout, and he was delightfully supported by Miss Lily Damita as a heroine at once bold and shrinking, for whom the director has contrived a setting that often took on a mid-century charm. Several old friends appear in this picture, particularly Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence as two disreputable but lovable old scouts, who were bringing up Gary Cooper emphatically in the way he should not go. Their death at the end symbolises the end of the old scouting days and the first coming of the railways. A new and happy invention is a hard-faced woman with a cigar in her mouth, who is carting a wagon load of chorus girls to the Far West.

Poor Berry

Henry IXth at the Prince's Theatre is a very sad business. The idea that a man who bought a house once owned by Henry VIII should also secure that monarch's matrimonial habits is not very entertaining; as worked out in this farce it was most depressing. Not even Mr. Berry's cheeriness and activity could contend against the dialogue or the incident he had to play with; and except for his acting the play contains nothing of distinction, and little of amusement, save for some passages of acting by Miss Mireille Perry; but I sighed for Miss Heather Thatcher.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, October 31st—
- Backhaus, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Herbert Fryer, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Mr. H. B. Creswell on "The Uses of an Architect," R.I.B.A., 9, Conduit Street, 3.

Sunday, November 1st—
- Kingsley Martin on "What is the World Coming To?" Conway Hall, 11.
- Harold Samuel, Bach Recital, Palladium, 3.15.
- "The King of the Schnorrers," by Israel Zangwill, Embassy Theatre.
- "Port Said," by Emlyn Williams, Wyndham's Theatre.

Tuesday, November 3rd—
- "Lady in Waiting," by Harry Graham, St. Martin's.
- Edmund Blunden on "Leigh Hunt," Morley College, 8.
- Dr. Percy Dearmer on "Symbolism and Iconography," King's College, 5.30.

Wednesday, November 4th—
- "Othello," Arts Theatre.
- B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Miss F. Hawtrey on "The Pre-School Child," Caxton Hall, 8.30.

Thursday, November 5th—
- "Make Up Your Mind," by Leopold Marchand, adapted by Xenia Lowinsky, Criterion Theatre.
- Royal Philharmonic Society, conducted by John Barbirolii, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Sir Norman Angell on "Socialist Government and Capitalist Industry: How Can the Two Co-operate?" Kingsway Hall, 8.30.
- Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency on "Sir Henry Maine and the Historical Jurists," King's College 5.15.

Friday, November 6th—
- Jelly D'Aranyi, Queen's Hall. 8.15

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN he was in his thirtieth year Montaigne travelled with Charles IX, as delegate of the Parlement de Bordeaux to that monarch's Court, to the siege of Rouen. He there caught his first glimpse of the New World, for in that year 1562 three aborigines from Brazil came to the City of Normandy to speak with the king. Michel de Montaigne must always have been tolerant by nature; there is that in his work which is destructive of the bitter logic of dogmatic pedantry; as destructive in its perfect prose way as in its high poetic way is the hard-won wisdom of Shakespeare. It is easy for some men—nearly always men with a strong strain of pedantry in them—to dismiss Montaigne as too easy in his charitable philosophy; but these critics forget that in Montaigne's own day it was not so popular to be tolerant, and there is no evidence that his tolerance is not the result of knowledge and of thought. I like to think that his sight of and conversation with those Brazilians and the information he gained about their civilisation corroborated his own tendencies. So when ten years later he retired to his tower and began to write the famous Essays, he remembered his savages and penned one of the noblest of his ironic passages, a passage that is not at all inspired by a facile Cyrenaicism, or a light-hearted egotism.

> I thinke there is more barbarisme in eating men alive, than to feed upon them being dead; to mangle by tortures and torments a body full of lively sense, to roast him in peeces, to make dogges and swine to gnaw and teare him in mammockes (as wee have not only read, but seene very lately, yea and in our owne memorie, not amongst ancient enemies, but our neighbours and fellow-citizens; and which is worse, under pretence of pietie and religion) than to roast and eat him after he is dead.

* * *

It is perhaps inevitable that the men who are afraid of enthusiasm should not gain from their fellows the enthusiastic worship given to the prophets; and yet it may well be that humanity will only find health when men can be more enthusiastic about Erasmus than about Luther, about Montaigne than about Pascal. I have been rereading many of Montaigne's essays in the fine new edition of Florio's translation (Nonesuch Press, £5 5s.); and it has saddened me once more to be forced to remember how little our Europe has learned from the few men of real wisdom that have written with force, with temperance and with humour. I suppose pure sense is so shining that it dazzles, and men of average sight are blinded and bewildered at its approach. It is grim to read in that same essay, *Of the Caniballes*, the passage in which Montaigne quotes one of the Brazilians' comments on French civilisation.

> They have a manner of phrase whereby they call men but a moytie one of another. They said, "They had perceived there were men amongst us full gorged with all sortes of commodities, and others which hunger-starved, and bare with need and povertie, begged at their gates: and found it strange, these moyties so needy could endure such an injustice, and that they tooke not the others by the throte, or set fire to their houses."

It is extraordinary to me that a man who could write, who habitually thought as Montaigne evidently did, could ever be dismissed as a man without convictions, unless indeed those who so complain of him are of the opinion that no conviction can be reasonable, or sustained quietly and with argument. He may not equal the religious heroism of Friedrich von Hügel, who insists that the test of a truly tolerant man is to tolerate intolerance; but there are few who can attain to that. Montaigne made no pretension to sanctity; and it is unreasonable that men should resent his lack of qualities of which they know nothing by experience.

* * *

There are some of us who believe passionately that tolerance itself is one of the greatest of virtues; and for us Montaigne, with Erasmus and More, will always come much nearer sanctity than some who have passed the cross-examination of the Devil's Advocate. The only tiresome upholders of tolerance are the men who expect rather more of that treatment for their own faults than they are ever willing to give to others' offences; and their inordinate unwillingness to admit they can ever need the application of this virtue does more to promote intolerance than their advocacy can do to prevent it. Of this tiresome moral arrogance Montaigne has no trace. There is perhaps a shade of complacency in his admission of certain weaknesses; but it is always plain enough that he would sympathise with anyone who did not share this complacency, provided his critic was intelligent and free from contemptuous patronage. I find nothing false in the famous passage in the Essay *Upon Some Verses of Virgil*, where Montaigne declares his reasons for preferring candour and open confession to any kind of secrecy. He was a self-conscious man, a man to whom all his manners, opinions, beliefs, prejudices, vices and virtues had a never-ending fascination; and he was not wrong in believing that as he fascinated himself, so he would fascinate others. That smaller men, following his example, fail to entertain is simply because their self-consciousness is not an intelligent one, nor is their self-analysis competently critical. The nearest analogue in recent days to Montaigne is Mr. George Moore in his personal books; but Mr. Moore is a novelist, a romantic, and had Narcissus among his ancestors, while Montaigne was a man of affairs, a man of learning, and had among his ancestors Odysseus and Aphrodite.

* * *

> For my part I am resolved to dare speake whatsoever I dare do: And am displeased with thoughts not to be published. The worst of my actions or condicions seeme not so ugly unto me, as I finde it both ugly and base not to dare avouch them. . . . I greedily long to make my selfe knowne; nor care I at what rate, so it be truly; or to say better, I hunger for nothing; but I hate mortally to be mistaken by such as shall happen to know my name.

He has his desire. There are few authors we know so well; though I suspect that he is not read quite so widely as he used to be, or one would not hear what seems to me the fantastic opinion that the men and women of his time are perfect enigmas to ours. I must hope this new edition will give Montaigne more disciples: I can imagine nothing more salutary for our age than a proper apprehension of his doctrine against Action—the doctrine of a man who had acted, and knew what action was. "Have you knowen how to meditate and mannage your life? You have accomplished the greatest worke of all. . . . Have you knowne how to take rest? You have done more than he, who hath taken Empires and Cities. . . . It is for base and petty minds, dulled and overwhelmed with the weight of affaires, to be ignorant how to leave them, and not to know how to free themselves from them; nor how to leave and take them againe." When I took up the Essays I had lately read some of Dr. Inge's *More Lay Thoughts of a Dean* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.); and I trust it is not discourteous to suggest that he might study Montaigne with advantage, if I admit at the same time that the perusal of his book drives one to intolerance. I find it very hard to be anything but furious with a Dean of St. Paul's who says about the greatest of his predecessors:

> He was no gentleman, and a very equivocal Christian. I have a rooted distrust of men of letters who, like Donne, Huysmans and the African novelist Apuleius, wallow in garbage for many years and then suddenly "get religion."

I know not whether the taste or the ignorance of this passage is the more deplorable. Dr. Inge may have been misled by the fanciful reconstructions in Gosse's life of Donne, though there is no "garbage" there; but he should have suspected that if Donne's piety satisfied Izaak Walton it should be good enough for W. R. Inge.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Misogyny Over the Week-End. By RONALD MCNAIR SCOTT. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Results of an Accident. By VICKI BAUM. Bles. 7s. 6d.

The Fortnight in September. By R. C. SHERRIFF. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

They Came to the Castle. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Making Conversation. By CHRISTINE LONGFORD. Stein—Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Which Way? By THEODORA BENSON. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

A reviewer in the course of his strange business encounters so many mildly attractive books that he must be pardoned if he raises his voice when something exceptional comes his way. The readable (let it be frankly confessed) we have often with us: it is the rereadable that so seldom turns up. Now *Misogyny Over the Week-End* is eminently rereadable. It is a quietly and unquestionably distinguished piece of work, and so different in kind from the general ruck of fiction as to be a matter for general rejoicing. Modern in spirit, Peacockian in form, this blend of the old and the new is singularly felicitous. Mr. Ronald McNair Scott should be granted an exclusive charter for the imitation of Peacock; for he does it to perfection, without losing his own individuality in the process. He provides a thin but sufficient thread of narrative; invents plausible pretexts, as well as entertaining subjects, for discussion; and is master of an elegant and urbane prose-style. It is indeed a pleasure to sit at table with Mr. Rackham, Dr. Drumble, Mr. Giboon, Miss Jornson, and the rest; a pleasure to share with young Denis Roche the delight of falling in love with Andrea Carmel; and a salutary experience to observe the self-analytical Rodney in his relations with Cousin Cecily. Dr. Drumble's remarks on politicians have a rather special poignancy at the present moment. "For where, I ask, is the difference between a politician and a prostitute except that one prostitutes his brain and the other her body? Both are dependent on the favours of the mob; both seek to embellish their respective commodities in order to attract the vulgar eye. You would not ask a prostitute to govern a girls' school, yet you ask a politician to guide the nation. Abhorrent illogicality!" The same gentleman is worth hearing on the subject of cooking; and this longer quotation provides a happy example of Mr. Scott's manner:

> What a fruitful philosophy (says Dr. Drumble) and what excellent examples can be drawn from the culinary art! For it is indeed an art, perhaps the greatest of the arts, and demands of its devotees a more arduous and disinterested attachment than architecture, painting, music, or literature. The architect erects his monument, the painter conceives and executes his masterpiece, and they remain permanent and apparent works, able to appeal from the criticism of contemporaries to the judgment of posterity; but the monument of the chef, the masterpiece of the kitchen, has but a transient existence in the memory of few and perishable men. It can make but one appeal, and its appeal is its death-sentence: for, if it is admired it is admired with the devouring admiration of the female spider; and if it has to convert it can only convert like a martyr at the instant of inanition. The recipe, perhaps, remains; but the recipes of a great chef, like the scores of a great composer, are susceptible of interpretation: and while in the hands of one man they may gloriously vindicate the reputation of their originator, the perversity of another may render them contemptible and disgusting.

Mr. Scott has sensibility as well as wit, and can turn a verse as neatly as he can coin an epigram. He has a hearty and catholic appetite for the æsthetic goods of life—wine and talk flow freely in his pages. He can enjoy, and we with him, the flavour of a fine literary tradition, while sharing to the full the scepticism and urgent curiosities of the age he lives in. I hazard the suggestion that here is a book that Dr. Saintsbury could take pleasure in; and I can think of no higher compliment. It is not, indeed, all at one level of excellence; but taken as a whole it is first-rate fare. One alarming thought presents itself: that Mr. Scott's example may be followed by others less competent. A chastening prospect! I shall seize upon this author's next book with eagerness, and it will not dismay me if it proves to be another experiment in the manner of Peacock. Mr. Scott is a fit tenant for Crotchet Castle, and I pray that he may be left in undisturbed possession of it.

Results of an Accident I am inclined to think a richer and fuller book than its predecessor, *Grand Hotel*, and it is organised with no less skill. Miss Vicki Baum is as clever as you please, but she does not parade her cleverness: she is content to tell a good story, take us intimately into the lives of four or five people—a medical practitioner, his wife, a wealthy manufacturer, a film actress—and explore the secret places of the heart. Miss Margaret Goldsmith has translated the book into English, not American, except in one sentence ("Don't scream that way!" instead of "Don't scream like that!"); and the author has permitted herself only one indulgence in what must, I am afraid, be called a sentimental irrelevance.

> A curious business, Marriage—often attacked and easy to attack, unsound and irrational in its basis, threatened on all sides. A house of cards, at its best; at its worst, the life of a galley-slave for its willing victims.
>
> Let something come to imperil this marriage . . . then marriage must collapse, you think? But it does not. It holds firm. Doctor Persenthein's marriage holds firm. Hundreds of thousands of marriages hold firm. They have the will to live, the resistance and toughness of those plants which grow on stone and flourish in hard conditions.

So far the statement is unimpeachable. But there follows this curious conclusion:

> And so one can only assume that, in spite of everything, some deeper forces are at work in Marriage—deeper and higher and very mighty, corresponding to all that is best in human nature. Forces which can be called eternal—for the short eternity of this cold little star, which is our home.

Alternatively, I suggest, one might assume (or, to be exact, one might deduce from observed facts) that there exists in human nature a Profound Inertia, or Tendency to Stay Put; and that there is a mighty force called Habit, to which the lower animals are even more subject than ourselves. And if in saying this I seem to neglect my proper business, which is to give thanks for a good and satisfying novel, I can only plead that Miss Baum started it.

Even clerks are human. Like you and me, they have their fancies, their wishes, their moments of quiet exultation. And they go to Bognor for their fortnight in September, taking the wife and kiddies with them. Yes—but who doubted it? Is it, at this time of day, to be accounted a discovery that the expensively educated classes have not a monopoly of interesting human attributes? Mr. Sherriff, that excellent playwright, has written a novel which many people are praising. It contains mild humour, gentle pathos, and any amount of general good nature. Indeed Mr. Sherriff is too kind-hearted by half. "Dear little people!" he seems to be saying. And that will never do. So affectionately does he handle his people that one gets the impression that not one of them is more than eighteen inches high. If one must have sentimental bias in a novelist I would almost rather it were of the kind exemplified by Mr. Anthony Bertram, who errs, if at all, on the side of severity. *They Came to the Castle* is the best book that Mr. Bertram has so far given us: it is even better than the excellent (and much neglected) *The Sword Falls*. The scheme is neat and the style is crisp. A number of holiday-makers, very diverse in type, come to an Austrian castle as paying guests. We watch them arrive; we see them go; and in the interval four or five human souls have been skilfully revealed to us. There is possibly a little too much of the pepper and salt of satire in the mixture, and the author seems sometimes to become suddenly aware of this fact and begin making belated amends to one or another of his Aunt Sallys. But he has a sensitive understanding as well as wit; there are moments exquisitely felt; and one rises from the book with a sense of enlarged experience.

Making Conversation is a first novel: young, high-spirited, extremely entertaining. "What is adultery?" asks Miss Spencer, the schoolmistress, of her girls, and, receiving a vague answer from one of them, admonishes her thus: "That is a parrot's answer. You think you are very clever, Martha, attempting to conceal your ignorance and your lack of thought. The attempt at concealment is no better than a lie. Adultery is self-indulgence. It is the extra lump of sugar in your tea. It is the extra ten minutes in bed in the morning. It is the extra five minutes a little girl wastes by dawdling up the High Street and gaping at the shop-windows. It is the time we spend on looking at ourselves in the mirror and fluffing out our hair . . ." And so on. *Which Way?* is more substantial. Miss Benson plays a charming variant on the game of "If." Her heroine gets three invitations for the same week-end: which shall she accept? Each of these three avenues into the future is explored for us in turn; each leads in a different direction, to a different

life. And we leave Claudia Heseltine as we found her. She enters the room where the telephone is ringing, and her decision is still to make. The plan is ingenious and the construction neat. But the interest of the story (for me at least) is mainly technical: its actual substance is a little disappointing.

GERALD BULLETT.

KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF

The Nature of Belief. By M. C. D'ARCY, S.J., M.A. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

The time is ripe for a fresh and thorough investigation of belief. Father D'Arcy asserts in this book that Western civilisation has reached a critical point in its history. For parallels he would go back to the break-up of the Roman Empire or the decline of the Middle Ages. It may be doubted if we who are now alive are in a position to make such comparisons. Certainly, however, we have lost the assurance with which, until not so long ago, traditional beliefs were generally held. To-day the majority of people are either professing beliefs which, did they but realise it, are manifestly absurd or asking themselves how and what they can believe.

That, at present, absurd beliefs are not only professed but acted upon is partly due to the successful propagation of the doctrine that we only believe what we wish to believe and that, accordingly, we may as well believe what appeals to us. It has even been put forward that when we make profession of a belief we are in reality giving verbal expression to nothing but our feelings, and this theory has led to the suggestion, by the Cambridge lecturer on literature, Mr. I. A. Richards, that we should renounce such professions, renounce beliefs, and rest content with valuing and acting upon our valuable feelings.

The theory does not hold water and the suggestion cannot be adopted. A belief must be either true or false. Hence a belief is never merely an emotion. A feeling or emotion is rather the reflection of a belief than the belief itself. Further, one cannot value certain feelings without a reason for valuing them, without also having a tacit or explicit view of the nature of reality, and this view, if it is not knowledge, cannot be other than belief.

Beliefs, indeed, are indispensable and scepticism is impossible. It remains as true as it was when Locke said so, that "the conduct of our lives, and the management of our great concerns, will not bear delay: for those depend, for the most part, on the determination of our judgment in points wherein we are not capable of certain and demonstrative knowledge, and wherein it is necessary for us to embrace the one side or the other." From this the fact clearly emerges that many persons hold beliefs of which they are unaware. Such ignorance, however, will not do. For regarding the validity of those beliefs of which we are unaware we cannot be satisfied, and yet indisputably truth we must pursue. The cult of emotion will not justify indifference to error. And where truth is not fully attainable, i.e., where knowledge is beyond us, we must only believe what is at least logical, what is not incompatible with what we do know, and every one of our beliefs should be consistent with all the rest.

This is a logical necessity, but it is not a psychological one. From the psychological standpoint it is alike evident that a sane person may hold beliefs mutually incompatible—and by "hold" must be meant, not only "profess," but also "act upon"—and that, regarding what in reality they do believe, people may deceive themselves, not merely with words and feelings, but even in their acts: there is the problem of when certitude is genuine and when but imaginary. After giving instances of the ardent spirit with which the early Christian martyrs welcomed their fate, Newman, in his *Grammar of Assent*, says defiantly: "Call such conduct madness if you will, or magic"; and no doubt we have in madness the limit-case of the varieties of self-deception possible in respect of belief. Again, the widely differing degrees in the strength of human certitude are a subject for psychological study.

Thus the examination of belief comprises two avenues of inquiry. On the one hand, what may be called the logical pressure of the situation in which a human being finds himself by virtue of his being alive on this earth has to be looked into and a method for bringing unconscious beliefs to consciousness has to be established. On the other hand, the psychology of belief still waits for proper exploration.

Unfortunately in *The Nature of Belief* Father D'Arcy does not contribute enough to the elucidation of the problem along these lines. He displays without affectation a great learning, he writes with much charm and with a persuasive passion, and he devotes both patience and vigour to routing out the fallaciousness of several current fallacies. When exposing "the dangers of the hypothesis adopted by the new psychology," and when dealing with the weaknesses of human authority on the one hand, and on the other the incompetence of most men to settle for themselves the crucial questions involved with the conduct of their lives and the management of their great concerns, he is excellent. In refuting the different varieties of the theory that our so-called "inner experience" is the sufficient and only foundation of religious belief—a theory which has gained wide acceptance since, chiefly by Schleiermacher, it was first promoted—he is nothing short of masterly.

But when he is being positive he commits himself to the view that belief is knowledge. This is obviously wrong. If, as Plato pointed out, to think truly is not to know, *a fortiori* to believe is not to know. According to Roman Catholic theology, when we accept on faith we are acquiring a species of knowledge. In laying down that, theologians may be guilty of no more than a confusion of terms. And if Father D'Arcy went no farther, his book might yet be helpful. But his assimilation of belief to knowledge sends him groping and stumbling amid the bog of *das sogenannte Erkentnissproblem*. He mainly expounds a theory—for originating which he credits the late H. S. V. Bickford, though it does not differ materially from what will be found in, e.g., Gentile—of knowledge as interpretation, and consequently as, in all conditions, belief. And this theory, like all theories of knowledge, is idle.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

FREE TRADE RESTATED

Tariffs: The Case Examined. By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE and Others. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Is it possible that any Protectionist could rise from the reading of this book with his faith unshaken? For these informed economists have entered every nook and cranny of the tariffist creed and swept it clean of all its hoary myths and fallacies. To be sure this has been done before, though never so completely. The examination is unavoidably intricate. For modern Protectionism has twisted and turned so much; has adopted so many aliases, has been so ingenious in pressing new economic circumstances into its service, as to drive its critics to equally elaborate processes of refutation. When nearly thirty years ago the revival of Protectionism first became formidable the tangle of interests and passions which it seeks to "rationalise" was already formed. There was the well-known stress on the producer to the detriment of the consumer, though everybody in his individual capacity would rather eat than work. There was the same aversion to receiving cheap imports, though every individual strives to get as much and give as little as he can. There was the same childlike belief that tariffs would make the foreigner contribute to our revenue, while at the same time it would keep out his goods and secure fuller employment with higher wages. Imperial Preference had already found the mysterious combination with the logic of a purely national Protectionism, and the free admission of Empire wheat and other foods was made compatible with a revival of our agriculture and a rise of prices which, while it helped our farmers, need not raise food prices for our people—much.

The Protectionist ramp of thirty years ago was a political failure because it could not appeal to any specious body of facts. When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said "cotton is going," "steel is going," his hearers knew better. There was no large volume of lengthy unemployment in the staple industries. Our export trade was still thriving, our trade balance unimpaired, and on the whole we knew that we were prosperous. It is different now. A pugnacious nationalism, inflamed by the Great War and the Bad Peace, has multiplied tariffs as weapons of defence and of industrial autonomy, the economic equivalents of armaments. Hence the new stress of our Protectionists on tariffs for retaliation or negotiation. Underneath all this rest the assumptions that nations are trading bodies, that there is only a limited amount of market, and that nations as such are enemies in their claims upon this market. This view, coupled with the facts that we have been losing ground in our visible and invisible exports and that unemployment has been mounting up to an enormous height, mainly in our export trades and in domestic trades successfully "invaded" by foreign goods, has given new

hopes of success to the business interests that seek to gain by tariffs.

The practical influence of this admirable book depends, of course, on how far man is a rational and social animal. The writers display with skill the advantages of the widest possible division of labour and co-operation through free exchange. They show that all tariffs reduce the aggregate of wealth produced in the whole economic system, and also the share normally accruing to the people in each country. The full logic of free exchange, however, assumes that the economic resources in each country are fully employed, so that Protection shifts capital and labour from more productive to less productive uses. When general unemployment prevails in most countries it is arguable that an emergency tariff might for a time increase the volume of employment at the expense of other countries, provided it were so directed as not considerably to raise prices to the consumer or costs of materials to the producer. Though the writer, dealing with this topic, admits that "It is impossible to say that under no circumstances will exclusion of certain imports by a tariff cause a net increase of employment," his general treatment is not quite adequate. If an "emergency" tariff were otherwise feasible, a case could be made for keeping out certain fully manufactured goods which our unemployed firms could produce nearly as cheaply as the foreigner. The reason against such action is that when the "emergency" passes the tariff remains, a point that one of the writers in this book who elsewhere sanctions Liberals voting for an emergency tariff, would do well to bear in mind.

The mixed appeal to National self-sufficiency and Imperialism is a typical example of the muddled thinking of so many of our politicians. Imperial Preference, were it put on a fair and equal basis, could not fail to "spoil" a "scientific tariff" adjusted to the special needs and possibilities of our national industries. Even a Free Trade Empire would be a dangerous proposition both economically and politically. Dependence on our Empire for wheat and other crops, which fail imperially once or twice in every decade, would put us into a perilous plight, while for the eventuality of war the widest access to neutral countries remains of vital importance. The utmost ingenuity of Mr. Amery in his pamphlet, *Empire and Prosperity*,* completely fails on the two critical issues, "Can the Empire within any reasonable time be made a virtually self-sufficing economic system for the satisfaction of all vital wants? Will the Dominions abandon or even modify their efforts after industrial nationalism so as to make their manufacturing preferences a real and reliable return for our abandonment of Free Trade?" The writer of the chapter, "The Possibilities of Imperial Preference," exposes in a sufficient way the unreality of the present Preferences. In fact, any crossing of Protection by Preferences is as hopeless for our agriculture as for our manufactures. What matter to our farmers whether prices are depressed by Canadian and Australian dumping, or by Argentinian? Indeed, Mr. Amery is forced to admit that our financial interests in Argentina oblige us to bring that foreign country inside the imperial ring.

The complex processes of tariff making are discussed with illuminating references to the United States and other countries, showing how the difficulties of assessing claims of the various trades are doubled by the really determining factor of political "pulls." Does anyone suppose that political integrity in this country would stand the strain of similar temptations?

One of the chief merits of this book is that it is nearly always intelligible to the lay reader. Even the most difficult of the chapters, that discussing "Tariffs as Instruments of International Equilibrium," does not require expert training, though it does require close concentration for its understanding. When occasionally the writer diverges from the main purpose of the book, his *obiter dicta* may often arouse dissent, as for example, in describing the 1930 slump as "being in essence and origin a monetary phenomenon." Indeed, the general assumption that our present depression and other economic troubles are due to the bad functioning of money leads to a neglect of the astonishing acceleration of productivity in most industries which must rank as at least of equal importance in any deeper explanation of our troubles. Again, why drag in a quite foolishly indefensible attack on taxation? "All taxation, even when necessary, is an evil, in so far as it diminishes freedom, compelling people to spend their money or have their money spent for them not in the way that they themselves would choose" (p. 59, *cf.* also p. 138).

* Faber and Faber, 6d.

But apart from such irrelevancies the Free Trade case is set in an impregnable fortress of reason. If a National Government captures and destroys it, the forces it uses will not be those of reason.

J. A. HOBSON.

LIFE YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND—

Nebuchadnezzar. By G. R. TABOUIS. Routledge. 15s.

Baber, First of the Mogols. By FERNAND GRENARD. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

John Wesley. By C. E. VULLIAMY. Bles. 10s. 6d.

The Mahdi of Allah. By RICHARD A. BERMANN. Putnam. 16s.

Smith-Dorrien. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. BALLARD. Constable. 15s.

Other Dimensions. A Selection from the later Correspondence of Victoria Lady Welby. Edited by MRS. HENRY CUST. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Arthur Conan Doyle. By the REV. JOHN LAMOND, D.D., with an epilogue by LADY CONAN DOYLE. Murray. 10s. 6d.

The literary world appears to be as much the victim of superimposed taste as the fashionable. It will be remembered that, because some few authors had successfully used the scene of war as a back-cloth to a great human tragedy, the publishers gave birth to countless war books which fashion alone could have fathered. Have we at last emerged from this horror, and escaped the threat of a flood of books dealing with the public schools, only to be plunged up to the neck in imaginative biography?

Nebuchadnezzar must be read to be believed. Some of the main events of the Babylonian's life are known, and nothing whatever of his character. And yet with this meagre material before her, Madame Tabouis, nothing daunted, sets out to present us with an intimate view of his person and his habits. We are shown, as in a novel, conflicting thoughts and characteristic poses, until we are almost persuaded that the author must have

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been intimately acquainted with her hero if she is writing a biography, or that she has created an original and highly complex character if she is writing a novel. We are asked by M. Hanotaux in his introduction to "accept some audacities of the imagination." Certainly, but where are we to stop? It is all audacity and all imagination, and the overpowering combination makes the book unreadable. This is the more to be regretted because Mme. Tabouis' learning is encyclopædic, and the plates and diagrams that illustrate the book are entertaining and instructive. The notes which accompany each chapter prove that she could have written a work of real historical value had she not been seduced into using a medium totally unsuited to her subject.

Baber, First of the Mogols is another work of the same type. M. Grenard, cutting his material to the prevailing literary mode, does not fail to accompany the Emperor as he walks in his pleasure gardens or drinks with his boon companions. But the temptation in his case is perhaps excusable on the grounds that Baber left a diary—although the entries in it are moderate and impersonal. Baber was a poet and an opportunist, a philosopher and a conqueror, and his rise to power from the most miserable beginning is as miraculous and romantic as that of his ancestor Genghis Khan or the great Tamerlane himself. This book is not quite so blatant in unwarranted assumptions as the last, but it cannot be recommended to the critical reader.

The blindings and pyramids of heads which are associated with Nebuchadnezzar and Baber give way in the more squeamish England of the eighteenth century to a lawful execution of children for theft and the persecution of Methodists by the established Church. Mr. Vulliamy's *John Wesley* is much more than a life of the founder of the sect. It is also a history of the early years of revivalism in general, and contains a number of Aubrey-esque sketches of Wesley's friends and supporters. In fact, Mr. Vulliamy, without appearing to crowd his canvas, has examined the later half of the century through the eyes of the Evangelist. Horace Walpole, after a visit to the Chapel at Bath, notes with a smirk: "The Chapel is very neat, with true Gothick windows (yet was I not converted)." Chesterfield is importuned by Lady Huntingdon (Pope Joan) for funds for her new Tabernacle; and Garrick, moved to envy, exclaims: "I'd give a hundred guineas if I could say Oh! like Mr. Whitefield." Mr. Vulliamy establishes the fact that Wesley brought more to the people than the hope of salvation. By example and precept he discouraged the universal drunkenness which at that time prevailed, and he published a book of medicine for the cure of their bodies. And although some of his remedies appear strange in the light of modern science (he advised the use of treacle for bruises) he nevertheless paved the way for the State education and medical treatment of the nineteenth century. This life of Wesley, written with sympathy and wit and a scholar's knowledge of the period, is bound to find many readers.

After the sanity of Mr. Vulliamy's prose Herr Bermann, with his writhings and contortions, shocks us back to the hysterical tastes of fashionable biography. In *The Mahdi of Allah* he tells us, in jerks, the story of the Islamite revival of the Sudan, culminating in the death of Gordon and the capture of Khartoum. His narrative is interrupted, on an average, as much as three times on a page by a line of dramatic dots. And to make it still more dramatic, he writes in the maddening, or present tense. When will writers of biography (Herr Ludwig is, one suspects, the founder of this school) grasp the elementary fact that the past is brought no *nearer* to the reader by this irritating device? Considering the ornateness of the style, Mr. John has done wonders with the translation. But no one, except the unhappy reviewer, is likely to read this book.

Smith-Dorrien is a straightforward and rather dull account of the *facts* of the general's life. The final chapters of the book are devoted to an examination of the conduct of the first battles of Ypres, and the causes which finally led Smith-Dorrien to tender his resignation. As an effective reply to Lord French's book *Mons*, it will, no doubt, be of interest to students of military history and tactics.

Other Dimensions is a further collection of the correspondence of Lady Welby to theologians, metaphysicians, scientists and men of letters over a period of the last thirty years. She reveals herself as an intelligent seeker after truth, of a kindly and humane disposition, and as a liberal-minded woman of exceptionally wide interests. But her style is involved and complicated, and her subjects are, for the most part, controversial. The book is not one to be picked up in a spirit of idle curiosity.

The Rev. John Lamond, in his life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, has written a mild and readable book. There are many facts, not generally known, which will pleasantly surprise the admirer of the creator of Sherlock Holmes and the creator of modern Spiritualism. There is a long description of Oscar Slater's famous trial and condemnation, and of the unceasing efforts made by Sir Arthur to vindicate his innocence; and this is particularly well documented as Mr. Lamond was at that time the prison chaplain of Glasgow gaol. In addition, there is a very fair summary of Spiritualism, and a number of anecdotes concerning well-known mediums. It is worthy of remark that, in spite of Sir Arthur's psychic inquiries, he remained an agnostic to the end.

RICHARD STRACHEY.

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WELLINGTON

The Duke. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

In his preface Mr. Guedalla asks why it is that the Duke of Wellington's memory is a trifle faded. He suggests three answers. The first is that Wellington's career "was far too successful to be really appealing"; the second is that British tradition is predominantly maritime, and hence over-emphasises the importance of sea-power in the victory over Napoleon, thus substituting for adoration "the sprightlier figure of Nelson who, though victorious, at least atoned for his success by falling in the hour of victory"; and the third is that the Duke's political activities provoked the Whigs, and "by a peculiar division of labour, British history, quite considerable parts of which have been made by Tories, has been very largely written by Whigs." This is ingenious; but it overlooks the fundamental reason why Wellington was a greater hero to his contemporaries than he will ever be to posterity; namely, that his greatness consisted in an almost spectacular common sense. This is a quality that inspires trust, and sometimes even hero-worship, while a man is alive, but which is lacking in dramatic quality, and which, therefore, seldom inflames the imagination of historians.

It is, of course, only a failure of imagination that makes

Wellington's superb common sense seem dull, and it is the chief merit of Mr. Guedalla's fine book that it helps the reader to overcome this failure. Mr. Guedalla has made a living character of his Duke. It is not a mere military hero that he presents, or a mere subject for pithy anecdotes; it is a man—and a man whom the reader gradually knows to be great by virtue of his intense normality combined with his success in clearing his mind of cant. The reason that Wellington became the oracle of his day was not that he had won the battle of Waterloo, but that he had something sensible to say on most subjects of public interest. His principles were clear and he applied them steadily to every problem, and not spasmodically, or merely when the result would be flattering. For example, he disapproved of the agitation for the freedom of Ireland, and therefore he also disapproved of encouraging the South American Republics in their struggle for freedom, in spite of the fact that England would make money if South America deserted Spain. "If you hold that the people of Colombia have been guilty of no crime," he stated, "and that Bolivar is a hero and no rebel, then you ought not to prosecute O'Connell." Similarly he would always distinguish, in foreign affairs, between true Conservatism—of which he was the natural supporter—and the adventurous self-assertiveness of those who would use Conservative principles to justify their wars. In 1822, at the Congress of Verona, he did his best to prevent the invasion of Spain; and again in 1830, when the settlement of Vienna was being flouted, he used all his influence to prevent English intervention. "He wrote to Aberdeen that 'there are some bitter pills to swallow. . . . However, the best chance of peace is to swallow them all.'" So he decided, for the simple reason that any more active course would make more trouble than it allayed, to recognise the Duc d'Orleans and then allow Belgium to have its freedom. Few statesmen recognise necessity so clearly, when it goes counter to all their own prejudices. For the peace-treaties of Vienna were naturally Wellington's special protégés. "He had won Waterloo; his diplomacy restored Louis XVIII; the peace-treaty bore his signature; the Reparations settlement was his personal achievement; and if Canning could intimate in a celebrated flourish that he had called a new world into existence, it was almost as true that Wellington had called the Old."

The Duke's combination of intellectual honesty and adherence to principle made him a poor party leader. For one thing, as Mr. Guedalla remarks, he was never a master of the soft answer. Shortly after becoming Prime Minister, Wellington informed a

> persistent applicant for a peerage that as there had been twenty-six creations in the last two years, it was his duty "to discourage and protest against any more being created unless some public service of magnitude or public emergency should require it. If this duty is not performed, either the House of Lords will become a democratic body and a nuisance, or contemptible and useless. . . ." Few party leaders can afford to tell their followers that the House of Lords will be unduly adulterated by their ennoblement.

The same inability to realise party necessities explains Wellington's willingness to retreat, in politics as in war, whenever the position became untenable. He retreated on Catholic Emancipation; he was willing, at the eleventh hour, to retreat on Reform; he insisted on retreating on the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Guedalla is altogether right in explaining this, not as the inconsistency of a politician striving to cling to office, but as the manœuvres of a man to whom politics are a matter of indifference, but whose fundamental principles demand that he should not permit his party to be driven from the field. His principles demanded that the Duke resist change, and especially that he resist democracy. Therefore it was necessary to keep the Whigs in Opposition; and to do this it was necessary to make occasional skilful retreats, and to steal a little Whig thunder whenever the Whigs became too strong. This is bad party politics, but it is a good way to secure the minimum of change. Bismarck played the same game successfully half a century later; but Bismarck was an autocrat and did not have to bother about saving his followers' faces.

The one serious defect for many readers in Mr. Guedalla's admirable book is a fault of style. He persists, to the point of self-parody, in that trick which he used to excess in *The Second Empire*. Such sentences as this—"So the French marched to Austerlitz, and the first broadsides of Trafalgar came faintly up the wind, as Nelson and Wellesley sat talking one September day in a room off Whitehall," come to sound showy and pretentious, and are no real help to the reader's imagination.

HERBERT AGAR.

FRONT DE BŒUF IN PERSPECTIVE

The Knights Hospitallers in the Holy Land. By COLONEL E. J. KING. Methuen. 25s.

For most of us the Order of the Knights Hospitallers is incarnate in Scott's Reginald Front de Bœuf, the lord of Torquilstone Castle, the tormentor of Isaac of York, the butt of Ulrica's terrible eloquence. Beyond a vague sense that the Hospitallers and the Templars constituted two great half-military, half-monastic brotherhoods, often at loggerheads with each other, we are content to leave them in an agreeable and picturesque half-light, broken by the occasional gleam of a peacock-tinted dome, or the glint of a jewelled scimitar. We feel that we are, on the whole, more at home with the Templars. Their church is nearer to the heart of London than is St. John's, Clerkenwell, and we think, perhaps without much reason, that we know something about them, whereas our ignorance concerning their great rivals is a thing to be deplored.

This ignorance Colonel King has taken it upon himself to dispel, with infinite conscientiousness and at no small length. He has realised that to write the history of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem it was necessary to write incidentally a history of the relations between the Christian and Moslem communities in Palestine from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, a history of the Crusades, and a series of biographical sketches of outstanding warriors on both sides whose associations with the Order were mainly casual and accidental. It is a formidable undertaking, and its execution makes heavy demands not only upon the resources of the writer but upon the endurance of his readers. The stage is so wide, the action so long-drawn-out, the scene so crowded, that Colonel King might have been excused and we forgiven if his energies and ours had flagged before the curtain fell. That this is not so must be attributed to that earnestness and enthusiasm which atone for any defects of structure or presentation that the book may contain.

It has not been found possible to give intimate portraits of many individual members of the Order apart from the successive Grand Masters, Blessed Gerard, Raymond du Puy, Gilbert d'Assaily, Garnier de Nablus, and the rest. We see our old

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friend Front de Bœuf in true perspective but not in vivid detail. Nor are we permitted to follow the Hospitallers from Cyprus to Rhodes and from Rhodes to Malta, though we are cheered by a hint that this may be possible later. As the title shows, this book is concerned chiefly, if not exclusively, with the fortunes of the Order in the Holy Land. Colonel King has touched only lightly upon its English centres and activities. He gives some interesting documents relative to the foundation of the Priory at Clerkenwell, but he does not mention the Commandery at Worcester, or the tradition that the Hospitallers joined with the Templars in presenting Henry III with "a beautiful crystalline vase containing a portion of the blood of our Saviour."

A whole volume, and an interesting one, could be written on the relations between the Hospitallers and the Templars. They were very much what Scott represents the relations between Front de Bœuf and de Bois Guilbert to have been, queerly compact of solidarity under pressure from without and friction under pressure from within. Yet the church of the Templars on Thames-side and the church of the Hospitallers at Clerkenwell were consecrated by the same Patriarch, and when the hard-pressed Templars appealed for help in 1237 a contingent of English Hospitallers responded to the call, and rode seaward through London "with spears held aloft, shields displayed, and banners advanced," while in the last desperate stand at Acre against the Sultan Khalil the knights of both orders fought and fell side by side.

Whether we realise it or not, we are in the first stages of a Victorian revival. The novelist, the playwright, the dressmaker, all are reacting vigorously to Victorian stimuli. And now it appears that the historian is about to abandon the staccato, flippant, epigrammatic style in vogue for the last decade or two in order to revert to the ponderous and marble-jawed sonority of the mid-nineteenth century. Many passages in Colonel King's book might have been written if not by Macaulay at least by one of Macaulay's contemporaries and imitators. Against such passages we may set, "to keep the balance true," others in which the wonders and marvels traditionally associated with the very early history of the Hospitallers are set down with a simplicity worthy of Jacobus de Voragine himself.

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READY NEXT THURSDAY

WITH A FOREWORD BY JOHN BUCHAN

Russian Waters

By NICHOLAS POLUNIN. 10/6 *net.*

This is the diary of an Oxford undergraduate's voyage in a timber ship to the White Sea. The author's name—he is of Russian descent—created suspicion ashore, but in spite of prohibition he managed to land, and has some vivid observations to record. The diary is a brilliant yet unstudied piece of writing, and, apart from the Russian entries, written in the alleged "Slavery" area, it will be appreciated by anyone who enjoys the tang of the sea and the rough company of those who sail it.

¶ *Prospectuses and Announcement List on request.*

41 & 43, MADDOX ST., W.1.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Life of General Sir Charles Carmichael Monro. By GENERAL SIR GEORGE BARROW. Hutchinson. 21s.

General Monro was possessed of an unassuming personality. For all his honours, he has not received sufficient recognition. His career was undoubtedly overshadowed by the magnitude of events and by other men who knew how to get more of the limelight. Nothing was ever too small for his attention, and (therefore) very little was beyond him. At the beginning he instituted that system of improved infantry training which was to find its justification in 1914. He conceived, and successfully carried out in the teeth of much opposition, the evacuation of Gallipoli. He reformed the Indian Army, medical services, railways, and inland water transport. He had those qualities so essential in a leader, judgment and fearlessness of responsibility. Gifted with powers of vision, he had the courage of his convictions, held them tenaciously. His mind, untrammelled by red tape, could transform ideas into plans of campaign. His determination could translate plan into action over all difficulties. His sense of humour, of "proportion," was extremely developed. He always had a sympathetic consideration for his subordinates.

Caligula. By DR. HANS SACHS. Translated by HEDVIG SINGER. Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

Emperors, the Medici, Tudors, Gonzaga, later Bourbons of Spain and Naples seem men always suffering from hereditary strain. Monsters trembling under omnipotence breeding monsters by their tortured, isolated responsibility. Herr Sachs psycho-analyses Caligula as an ordinary young man. The study is quiet and interesting. With no parental influences, surrounded with enemies, Tiberius leaving no court etiquette which might restrain, Caligula is frustrated in evolving his Ego. Unfinished he acts Tiberius, accepts influences of evil and good as easily, seeks his self in the arms of his sister Drusilla. Stimulants must give him a self, fantastic or comic or perverted. In the end comes the lust for self-destruction, mad shamelessness, straining of the finances of the Empire. Herr Sachs' study is an ingenious and psychologically possible reconstruction of a man on whom position alone forced eminence.

The Book of the Fly-Rod. Edited by HUGH SHERINGHAM and JOHN C. MOORE. Illustrated by GEORGE SHERINGHAM. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 5s.

During the construction of this book Hugh Sheringham died, and his collaborator had to carry on alone. The object of the editors when they started on the work was to celebrate the fly-rod, in all its aspects, "as a magic wand which opens up a new world when we flick it." The writers put under contribution include Mr. William Radcliffe, who writes learnedly of fly-fishing in the ancient world; Mr. Arthur Ransome, who treats of the rod as travelling companion; Mr. G. E. M. Skues, who imagines a fly-fisher learning his craft scientifically from the beginning; and Mr. W. L. Calderwood, who considers salmon and sea-trout. Mr. Harry Plunket Greene, Sir Charles Holmes and Mr. Eric Parker deal with the sound and colour and poetry of fishing. The book, a handsome quarto, is beautifully printed, illustrated and decorated; and in addition to this ordinary edition there is an edition de luxe (£6 6s.) of which 125 numbered and signed copies are for sale. No fly-fisher's library can henceforth be complete without it.

The Intriguing Duchess: Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. By DOROTHY DE BRISSAC CAMPBELL. John Hamilton. 15s.

To sketch the life of a French seventeenth-century intriguer, few of the biographer's subtler strokes are needed. Characters emerge through action, and action, at the court of Louis XIII, is so abundant and involved that to lay hold of any one thread of the tangle means plunging gloriously through the whole of it. Miss de Brissac Campbell has boldly followed her vivacious heroine through a career of complex and light-hearted intrigue: plots for the Queen's benefit, conspiracies against Richelieu, banishments, escapes, triumphal entries, and shrewd wire-pulling by the exercise of her charms. Marie de Chevreuse would ally with anyone for her immediate purpose, and a handful of European countries might serve her personal ends no less than individuals. So, through the Duchess, the main pattern of political intrigue in this most colourful of courts falls into place. Miss Campbell has produced an absorbing chronicle, threading her way through the rich tangle with skilful clarity and a touch of humour.

Memories of a Soldier of Fortune. By RAFAEL DE NOGALES. Wright and Brown. 21s.

A fine stirring story of the Venezuelan who served with the Turkish army in the war; who has fought all his life against corruption and tyranny in his own country; and who has, alas! learned to write English from the columns of the easier American newspapers. Still, his recollections are stirring journalism; and Mr. Cunninghame Graham's preface to his book is a pledge that the author is a man worth listening to; his adventures need no bush, and his comments on the war in Gallipoli and in Palestine have a freshness absent from many military recollections.

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About Motoring

THE S.S. SIXTEEN COUPÉ

SOME ten years ago I tried to coax some of the chiefs of the Standard Motor Co. to evolve a sporting edition of their chassis. I had purchased an open tourer of their construction, and had not driven it far before the extreme smoothness and willingness of the engine impressed even my *blasé* consciousness. With a little lightening of the chassis, some careful gingering up of the engine, and a featherweight streamline body, it could easily have been developed into an exceptionally fast and pleasant projectile, such as young men love, and which the young man surviving in every ancient breast is apt to fancy. But the works staff scoffed at me. They averred, ignoring the Bentley of that date, that there was no money in sports cars; that the path to wealth, power and peerages, lay in selling 100,000 small cheap models per annum to as many John Citizens and Mary Citizenesses. Where I failed—was it in 1921?—the Swallow Coachbuilding Co. have succeeded in 1931. They have noticed in the Standard chassis certain attractive qualities which existed less obtrusively ten years ago. They have not indeed bullied the Standard directors to list a sports edition; or even to found a subsidiary company, guaranteed full supplies of production parts, as Sir William Morris did when Cecil Kimber evolved the M.G. out of touring bits and pieces. But they have consented to furnish the Swallow people with a special low hung Standard chassis, designed to carry a most entrancing sports *coupé* body designed by the Swallow artist for the purpose.

The result is a beautiful car, perhaps the loveliest small car of the year according to present canons of taste; and as it is to sell at no more than £310, the tenth commandment need not be broken too widely over it. So far I have only seen it on a showroom dais, and when I try it, I may have to scold the Swallow people for excessive restraint. They have produced an entirely new frame of the double-dropped type. The huge side members dip sharply behind the front axle till their long flats are precious near the road; and just ahead of the rear axle they rise just as sharply. There is a terrific long bonnet, a deepish scuttle, and a steering wheel which all but lies in the vertical plane. The front seat is not far in advance of the rear axle, and legroom for its occupants is increased by footwells on each side of a tunnelled propeller shaft. The rear cockpit is of the close-coupled type; and the general effect is that of an exceptionally handsome and slinky sports coupé, which definitely promises 90 m.p.h. to the beholder. That, I fear, is the trouble. They tell me that very little has been done to the Standard engine, and that as yet the car is not a great deal faster than the demure *bourgeois* vehicle which begot it. I implore its sponsors to take a leaf from the M.G. book, so wisely indited by Cecil Kimber, and to endue this lovely vehicle with a few additional knots. No matter if they have to produce a "Mark II," and charge an extra £100 for it. By art and luck they have stumbled on a remarkably taking layout, and achieved a car which ought to be a magnificent seller. But it will not touch its potential sales if it is mendacious. And mendacious it will be if it breathes a 90 m.p.h. personality while it is at rest, and only develops a 65 m.p.h. personality on the road.

The body suggests that the car is in the £1,000 class, and its lines are eloquent of speed. There is room and to spare on the main seat, which has a squab nearly 2ft. deep, cunningly cambered to support the thighs properly, and eliminate that dreadful ache which long drives produce in the legs when the seating is clumsily shaped. But for the central gear lever, three persons of normal dimensions could sit in front. Space behind is probably intended for occasional and short distance use; but if the owner is not greedy enough to adjust the fore seat too far back, the space astern is not too bad. There is a good luggage locker in the tail, and the spare wheel is carried on the rear panel. Naturally there are only two side doors, and no quarter lights, the upper panel behind the broad door windows being in one piece with the roof, and disfigured by those dummy hoodirons which would have annoyed Ruskin so intensely, had he lived to sit in judgment on the twentieth century coachbuilder. The outlook for the driver is splendid, for the coupé has the slenderest corner pillars in front, and the wide windscreen is sloped sharply back, and mounted very close up to the steering wheel; moreover, the dropped frame permits the elongated bonnet to have a very low roof, and the driver can see his nearside wing without hutching

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his body forward when manœuvring at close quarters. The body sides are absolutely flush, and there are neither running boards nor steps, as it is simple to step off the car floor directly on to the road. The doors must be nearly a yard wide, and entrance is thus decidedly easy.

I may be in error in wondering whether the car is really as fast as a car of its rakish aspect ought to be. The ordinary 16 h.p. Standard is by no means a slug, and Swallow coachwork is light. Moreover, the whole quartette of gear ratios have been hoisted by joining the firm's production gear box with a 4.66 reduction in the silent bevel drive. This affords speeds ratioed at 4.66, 6.15, 9.75, and 16 respectively, of which the third gear is of the silent or twin top pattern. The wind resistance is also appreciably less than that of the factory's standard saloons; and wind resistance is a vital element when we try to get an extra 10 m.p.h. or so on top. The top of the car is only 56in. above ground line, and it has what Sir William Morris would call an "eddy-free" entrance into its own headwind. Personally, I am not a great lover of these eddy-free fronts. They deny the driver a sun vizor, and result in frightful dazzle when one is driving into a low sun at dawn or eventide; but they have their value in putting up the top speed a mile or two per hour, and in dodging that churn-up of draughts which occurs when a car has a rough entry into the wind.

Considerable attention has been paid to the suspension, which promises to be even better than the normal Standard system; and that is good enough for most of us. The car should hold the road very well indeed, and thanks to its low build it is bound to corner admirably, to be tolerably skidproof, and to resist capsize except when wheels are definitely run up a bank. In other words, it will be as safe as it is handsome.

Three colour schemes are on offer at present, namely, two shades of red, two shades of green, and a combination of primrose enamel with black leather. I hope that the car will later become obtainable in quieter hues. Some of us like a car which sets everybody staring, but there are many buyers for intrinsically beautiful cars which are not sensationally coloured. Moreover, the colours at present available demand rather more cleaning than some owner-drivers relish.

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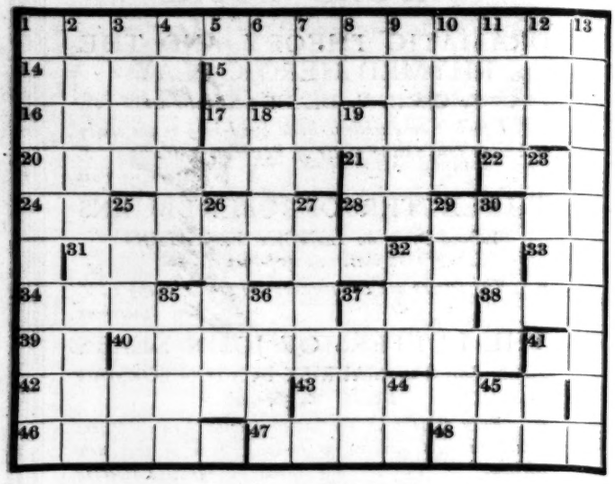

FOR BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE

ACROSS

1. In this category we place our grandparents.
14. Cæsar's idea of Cassius.
15. Unusual method of describing, say, Adam.
16. So might a maid find herself in a mirror.
17. Chemistry of a sort.
20. A letter from Xenophon.
21. Cupid, said Oberon, took this at a fair vestal.
22. Part of a loan requested by Mark Antony.
24. Not suitable spectacles for a Roman arena.
28. Pass away.
31. My well was said to be contaminated.
33. After 44—that's all.
34. I'm not as gay as I sound.
37. Go back on your destiny.
38. Dufferin and I are inseparable.
39. What Helen and Cleopatra had in common.
40. I never fall, save in the certainty of rising again.
41. I embody a deadly sin.
42. Here are little grey homes in the west.
43. He often "backs" a horse.
46. One of MacDonald's peers.
47. Of the same kind.
48. Pistol threatened to knock Fluellen's leek about his—

DOWN

1. Mrs. Malaprop gave them a riparian habitat.
2. You often see me grinding an organ.
3. Just a small draught.
4. Beauty's is yet crimson in her lips, said Romeo.
5. An assembly overseas.
6. Shortly in the same.
7. Feathered scamp.
8. A wildish bull without us.
9. I'm keeping watch with an industrious little fellow.
10. We last turned up in Palestine.
11. So was a Dumas described.
12 *rev.* Habitat of 43.
18. In my desk is a hidden river.
18. Solitary in confusion but expressive of joy.
19. This side of the beast is inverted.
23. Suggests the overthrow of a dynasty.
25. Rapid putt.
26. Study with a royal beginning.
27, 44. I was not a success when Prime Minister.
29. Dormant, and in some confusion.
30 *rev.* A single file.
32. See 27.
35. Denied to Mr. Capone.
36. We might grow up to be blocks.
37. I go down all right with 32.
41. I have been accused of concealing myself.
44. See 27 and 33.
45. The orient knows not the saint.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. reprehensible (anag.) 11. Heracles (Hercules). 15. ineam (Menai). 16. mere *rev.* 17. lapidary. 18. tie. 19. Mase(field). 20. O.E. (old English). 21. pier. 22. oenothera (the Evening Primrose). 24. tar. 26. remnant. 31. andist (disant). 33. boil. 34. (t)roi(s) *rev.* 36. Corfu. 38. costermongers. 40. nee. 41. Maud *rev.* 42. (H)umber. 44. Lysistrata (*The Apple Cart*). 45. psi *rev.*

DOWN.—1. rhetorical. 2. eerie. 3. preen. 4. éclat. 5. teepee *rev.* 6. side (real). 7. inapt. 8. beri (beri). 9. layers (two meanings). 10. emeritus. 12. ammonite. 13. lash. 14. rois *rev.* 23. (Fr)anc(e). 25. Iberia *rev.* 27. ebony (Black-wood). 28. Moses. 29. sleds (deals). 30. Turin *rev.* 31. aroma. 32. dog-ma. 35. Omar. 37. serf *rev.* 39. nut. 43. r(i)p.

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Illustrative Hand No. XXVII. Suit Overcall after a Take-out Double.

North:	*East:*
♠ J 6 ♥ 8 7	♠ 9 5 4 3 2 ♥ 9 6 3 2
♦ K Q J 7 4 ♣ A 10 7 2	♦ 5 ♣ Q 8 5
West:	*South:*
♠ Q 7 ♥ A K 5 4	♠ A K 10 8 ♥ Q J 10
♦ A 10 9 ♣ K J 6 3	♦ 8 6 3 2 ♣ 9 4

Score: East-West, game. North-South, 40. South deals.

The Bidding:

South - 1 ♠ West - Double. North - 2 ♦ East - No bid.
„ - 3 ♦ All pass.

Notes on the Bidding. North, with two Honour-tricks and a good suit, can safely show his Diamonds over the double. South's hand in support is worth 4½ tricks; thus is sufficient to justify his raise.

In play, North should make his contract.

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BS8

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE HOOVER-LAVAL MYSTERY, THE DOLLAR AND GERMANY—A TARIFF WAR AND WORLD TRADE—BRITISH TARIFF SHARES

THIS is what a prominent American economist wrote before the Hoover-Laval conversations. "We (France and the U.S.A.) hold the bulk of the gold of the world. It is to us that the other nations of the world are looking to-day for leadership and for financial assistance. France and we both realise that we are part of the world and that we suffer as the rest of the world suffers. Neither France nor we will be dictated to by other countries as to how we shall help. But sitting together as equals and working together in the light of our great responsibilities . . . it is incredible that we cannot quickly work out a programme with which the rest of the world will go along." These are the words of Dr. Benjamin Anderson, the well-known economist of the Chase National Bank. Alas! the incredible often turns out to be the real. Indeed, it is charitable to assume that the Hoover-Laval conversations were barren of all results, political or economic. Otherwise it is necessary to put an interpretation upon the official communiqué which seems unworthy of the United States—namely, that as the price of her official support of the dollar France has secured the promise of the United States not to initiate any more debt holidays or suggest any treaty revisions. I am bound to say, however, that this interpretation is the one adopted by not a few responsible people in the City who are suspicious of the official statement: "The initiative in this matter (a new agreement regarding reparations for the period of the business depression) *should be undertaken at an early date by the European Powers principally concerned, within the framework of the agreements existing prior to July 1st*, 1931." This can only mean that Mr. Hoover promises not to interfere again in German reparations without M. Laval's consent.

* * *

It is a gloomy prospect for world trade. If conservatively minded Americans like Dr. Benjamin Anderson are to be regarded as prophets crying in the wilderness of Washington, what hope have we left? The prophet Benjamin may write in the bulletin of the Chase National Bank: "We must concern ourselves with England and Germany for the sake of the unemployed in the United States. We must help Europe in order to help Latin America, in order to help Asia and, above all, in order to help ourselves. We are part of a world economy and we cannot make headway alone." But it seems that King Hoover and his high priests—the executive bankers—are still worshipping the false God whose image is the golden calf. Europe may go hang, but the gold standard must be maintained. This is a desperately dangerous and foolish policy. If German reparations are not to be forgiven along with European war debts, the alarm of the German population will increase, the foreign exchange restrictions will be evaded by German exporters, and both notes and commodities will be hoarded by German nationals. Are the French blind to the possibility of Germany being pushed off the gold standard at an early date and forced to declare a moratorium for all external payments? Is President Hoover, knowing the heavy commitments of American banks in Germany, blind to the consequences of such a catastrophe—the run on American banks and the flight from the dollar which would probably ensue? The official support of the dollar by the Bank of France in such an emergency would avail America nothing. A flight of domestic capital and a withdrawal of the French private deposits would suffice to push America off the gold standard in a few weeks. To play with Germany's financial difficulties at the present time is to play with fire.

* * *

Nor is the outlook for world trade improved by the triumphant return of the "National" Government. Quite the reverse. It must not be expected that other countries will allow Great Britain to take a larger helping of the diminished or diminishing supply of jam (which is world trade) without a struggle. They will meet the new competition of a depreciated pound either by going off the gold standard themselves or by raising tariffs against all goods sold in terms of depreciated currencies. Industrialists in Holland and Norway are already clamouring for such an extra tariff, while Canada has already imposed one. The National Government will no doubt conceive it its duty to meet tariffs with tariffs. It may not, of course, wait for foreign tariffs to be imposed against countries trading off the gold standard: it may start with "safeguarding" at home. Thus will be inaugurated a more intensive tariff war among the nations, which will effectively dam the flow of international trade. The prospect is truly appalling. We used to console ourselves with the thought that even if America and France did not appreciate that they were part of a world economy, Great Britain at least did, and that by rejecting the gold standard and by refusing to succumb to a short-sighted policy of economic nationalism Great Britain would eventually lead back the world to a sane monetary and commercial policy. But we must say "good-bye to all that"; we must be prepared for a tariff war and an eventual world trade collapse. I heard this week in the City a world-famous business man declare that if the business world went on clinging to the gold standard it would end in Bolshevism. The same remark is true of tariffs. If Great Britain now erects a great tariff barrier against foreign goods, Germany will be the first to break up. Allow Communism to raise its head in Central Europe and Heaven knows where it will end.

* * *

Meanwhile there is no reason why the investor should not make hay while the sun shines on British "industrials." If we are to have tariffs, there will be a gamble in the shares of the protected companies. Let us see how the Stock Exchange looks at the prospects. First, it assumes that Swedes, Germans and Americans will be acquiring land in England on which to erect factories. So it buys the shares of Associated Portland Cement on the prospect of an increase in constructional work. This Company has already been protected against Belgian and French cement competition by the depreciation in the pound. Next, the Stock Exchange assumes that the first industries to receive protective tariffs will be those which have protested most strongly against foreign imports—namely, iron and steel, engineering, glass, textiles and hosiery. So it may pick out such companies as Guest, Keen in iron and steel (avoiding the "heavy" companies whose prosperity depends upon a revival of shipbuilding), Babcock & Wilcox in engineering, United Glass Bottles in the glass industry, Fine Cotton Spinners, and Whitworth & Mitchell in the textile industry and Patons & Baldwin in hosiery. It may also select companies which do well when the domestic trades are active, namely, Imperial Chemical, Turner & Newall (asbestos) and Pinchin Johnson (paint). The more cautious may favour the electrical supply companies, such as Midland Counties Electric and Newcastle-on-Tyne Electric, whose output is bound to increase in the event of a revival in the protected trades. Others may choose the cable and electrical manufacturers—Callenders', British Insulated, General Electric—having in mind the somewhat remote possibility of an electrification scheme for the main-line railways. Finally, the shares of the Yorkshire coal companies are being mentioned in the expectation of a removal of the Coal Quota Act. Staveley Coal & Iron has an important interest in the Yorkshire coalfield and is worth buying also for its iron pipe and chemical business.

* * *

The home railway junior stocks may also be favoured, but I would point out that what some of the lines may gain from an increase in domestic merchandise carried, they may lose from the decline in the amount of imported goods carried from the docks, a class of traffic which is usually very profitable. Above all I would avoid the shares of companies having an important foreign business handled from this country, for tariffs eventually mean higher production costs and a dwindling foreign trade.

* * *

The following table gives representative shares which may be bought on the foregoing arguments:

	Prices, 1931.		Last Earnings.	Last Divs.	Div. Yield.
	Lowest.	Oct. 28th.	%	%	%
Associated Portland Cement, £1	18/6	27/3	8.9	8	5.9
Babcock & Wilcox, £1	37/10½	54/6	13.4	14	5.1
Fine Cotton Spinners, £1	10/–	24/–	Nil	Nil	Nil
General Electric, £1	34/9	48/–	18.9	10	4.2
Guest, Keen & Nettlefold, £1	9/9	23/6	1.3	Nil	Nil
Linen Thread, £1	15/–	31/6	Nil	6.0	3.8
Midland Counties Supply, £1	24/9	28/6	8.5	7	4.9
Pinchin Johnson, 10/– Ord.	20/1½	33/3	23.1	22½	6.8
Sheepbridge Coal & Iron	8/–	19/3	5.7	5.0	5.2
Staveley Coal & Iron, £1	16/9	29/9	8.5	6.0	4.0
Turner & Newall, £1	21/9	37/6	17.2	7½	4.0
United Glass Bottle Mfrs., £1	13/6	24/6	19.4	7½	6.1
Whitworth & Mitchell	49/3	51/–	34.3	22.5	8.8

The prices are those quoted on Wednesday morning when markets were in a state of great excitement over the Labour landslide. There was subsequently a reaction, but the trend of the market is still upward.

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HIPPODROME. Wed. & Sat.
STAND UP AND SING.

LYRIC. AUTUMN CROCUS. Wed. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST. W.&S.

ST. MARTIN'S. LADY-IN-WAITING. Fri.

STRAND. COUNSEL'S OPINION. Th. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. THE ANATOMIST. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Wed., Thurs.
THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY.

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A play by VICKI BAUM.
Adapted by EDWARD KNOBLOCK.

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MATHESON LANG in
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